

AMERICA

Salute to the Philippines

Brothers in Arms

Side by Side in War; Side by Side as Free Nations

CHARLES KEENAN

Brothers in the Faith

Amid the Ruins, Together we Thank God for Victory

JOSEPH T. NOLAN

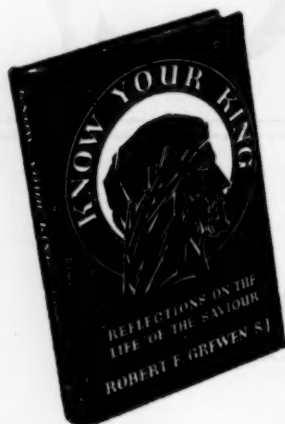


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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

UN Debate on Spain. On June 24 the Security Council of the United Nations refused by a vote of 7-4 to break diplomatic relations with the Franco regime in Spain. The action taken was the rejection of a proposal put forward by Dr. Oscar Lange as Poland's representative. It was attacked immediately by Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, Australia's delegate, who came back to the root of the immediate issue, the Council's earlier 9-1 vote accepting his subcommittee's report that there were as yet *no facts alleged* to show that Spain was an actual, rather than a "potential" danger to peace. The second Polish resolution, aimed at preventing the Assembly from taking up the matter, did not succeed any better than did the first. The Soviet Government is now faced by the plain truth that the bulk of the United Nations have no yearning to be stampeded into playing their particular game in Spain. By stubbornly sticking to the question of facts, Dr. Evatt placed a solid obstacle against Soviet schemings. But this issue was forgotten during the torrid six-hour debate on June 26. The majority battle for majority rule, against the Russian veto obstructionism, exposed the main Soviet strategy. But it left the Council with the Spanish question still on the agenda.

Compromise on Price Control. From a House-Senate conference emerged a price-control bill notably weaker than the law which expired June 30 but somewhat better than the mutilated measures passed by the individual Houses. Eliminated from the bill, which continues the OPA until June 30, 1947, was a ripper amendment which would have removed all price controls on meat, poultry, dairy products, tobacco and petroleum, and rendered OPA's task all but impossible. As it is, the measure agreed on by the conferees will result in sharp price increases on thousands of items. Gone is OPA's power to force clothing manufacturers to produce a certain percentage of low-price garments; gone its authority to reduce traditional profit margins for wholesalers and retailers by requiring them to absorb price hikes granted to manufacturers; gone the former criterion for fixing price ceilings, which was the 1936-39 profit picture; and in its place is the Taft amendment which specifies that ceilings must include prices prevailing during October 1-15, 1941, plus the average industry-wide increase in unit costs since that time. Price ceilings

are ordered removed whenever supply matches demand, and a de-control board is established with authority to override a reluctant Price Administrator. A similar veto power over agricultural controls is vested in the Secretary of Agriculture. If President Truman signs this bill, or permits it to become law without his signature, the public will understand that he is choosing the lesser of two evils. In the event of a veto, it seems certain that Congress will let all price controls go by the board.

Hobbs Bill. Only time will reveal whether the Hobbs Bill, which subjects labor unions to the severe penalties of the Federal Anti-Racketeering Act, is a "monstrosity," as the Chicago *Sun* maintains, or an essential contribution "to the safety of persons and property," as the New York *Times* said editorially on June 25. Certainly, the purpose of the bill—to prevent robbery and extortion in interstate commerce—will be approved by all

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right-minded citizens. There is no reason why labor unions should be exempted from a general law which prohibits "physical violence to person or property," since labor unions have no right to employ physical violence even for such a legitimate end as compelling "the payment of wages by a bona fide employer to a bona fide employee." In vetoing the Case bill, President Truman stated that he was "in full accord with the objectives the Congress had in mind" in passing Section 7, which substantially incorporated the provisions of the Hobbs bill, but he suggested that it "be made clear in express terms that Section 7 does not make it a felony to strike and picket peacefully and to take other legitimate and peaceful concerted action." Congress did not see fit to follow this advice, contending that the bill already protected legitimate union activities. Basis for this claim is a provision stating that nothing in the bill should be interpreted as repealing or modifying the Wagner Act, the Railway Labor Act or the Norris-La Guardia Act. The history of the Hobbs bill in the courts will have to decide who is right. For our part, we feel the language of the bill is so sweeping that union members may be judged guilty of felonies for minor incidents which, though deplorable, can easily occur on a picket line and which ought to be handled by local police officials. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the stoutest congressional proponents of this extension of Federal power are at the same time fervent defenders of States' Rights!

The Catholic Theological Society. The first meeting of American and Canadian theologians, associated for the advancement of their science, augurs well for the future of the Catholic Theological Society of America. At the inaugural Mass, celebrated by Bishop McCarty, Cardinal Spellman spoke words of encouragement and blessing. At the first session, a constitution was adopted and officers elected: Dr. Francis J. Connell, C. SS. R., of Catholic University, President; Dr. Girard Yelle, of the Grande Seminaire, Montreal, Vice President; Dr. Joseph C. Fenton, Catholic Uni-

versity, Secretary; Dr. James E. Rea, of Dunwoodie, Treasurer. A Board of Directors, six in number, was also elected. At the ensuing sessions, three papers of uniform excellence were read.

Vacation Note. For those who like the fantastic edged in darker colors, the Left Bank of American liberalism offers continual diversion. The unending epithalamium of Sentiment and Cynicism is the centerpiece for eye and mind, and no one whose fancy has been enriched with classic memories can fail to appreciate the suggestive symbolism of lambs lying, or gamboling, with the wolves on a sward of newsprint. In the finest tradition of the Golden Age, the air of universal benevolence is fragrant with mythology and legend. Only recently the tallest story recounted the entrancing adventures of two identical twins—Soviet and American Democracy—separated in infancy by the cruel hand of the tyrant Capitalism, but reunited happily at last through the kindly offices of Mr. Henry Wallace. Today the favorite from the Long Bow is the Saga of the Soviet in Quest of Peace. Through forests infested with Fascist Hangmen and down lonesome roads along which lurk Imperialist Warmongers, the innocent and pure-minded Prince, undaunted, alone, pursues his search for a People's Peace. While the tale is frankly derivative from the Golden Age tradition, it becomes almost credible in the hands of the master storyteller. It is worth your while to pay a visit to the Left Bank—easily reached through any New York kiosk. The one drawback is the difficulty of return—of return to the real world of Korean independence balked by Soviet intransigence, of Manchuria stripped and looted to bedizen the Five-year Plan, of Yugoslavia and Rumania groaning under Soviet "democracy," of Polish recovery and freedom stifled by Soviet "protection," of French and Italian democracy blown everywhere but forward by each shifting puff, or huff, of Moscow. And so it is that many people never return.

Zionists and Palestine. By likening the resistance of Jewish elements within Palestine to the American revolutionaries of 1776, Zionist sympathizers here have at last clearly indicated their position. It is one of violent disagreement with British foreign policy, and with Mr. Bevin in particular, for interposing any delay in admission of immigrants and for taking steps to eliminate private armies which on occasion resort to terrorist activity. This means that Zionists, bedeviled by the thought of Jewish nationalism and of a refuge for persecuted brethren, are willing to risk all on

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a show of force. Such tactics they saw partly succeed when used by the Arabs. It thus becomes apparent that accession to both nationalist Arab and extreme Zionist demands is impossible if there is to be peace. Despite the illusions of some Zionists to the contrary, the disputants cannot be allowed to settle the dispute privately. If they do, arms will be the means chosen. Thus the Palestine quarrel becomes a test case as to whether or not the problem can be solved by international intervention and supervision. The Anglo-American Report, with which both Arab nationalists and Zionist extremists found fault, was the first step toward such a peaceful solution. Now the Zionists have definitely prejudiced their case by encouraging recourse to arms rather than to public adjudication. It would appear that the Zionist nationalists no longer fight the battle primarily to secure a refuge for persecuted brethren but rather to further nationalist ambitions. Since many Arabs have similar ambitions for an Arab-dominated Palestine, international control provides the only hope for peace within the years immediately ahead.

Debt Reduction. For the past decade the conservative press has been calling for a balanced budget. This crusade appears to have picked up steam during recent months, probably because financial editors, following the lead of the National Association of Manufacturers, have been able to link their consecrated cause with the popular campaign against inflation. The argument goes that price- and wage-controls are concerned merely with surface symptoms, and that the real way to stop inflation is to hack at the roots, the roots being the spending proclivities of the Federal Government. If it is granted that price and wage controls, though admittedly stop-gap, rearguard measures, are still very necessary, few economists will quarrel with this line of thought. Certainly inflationary pressures are increased when the Government pumps new money into the financial arteries. But it has not been sufficiently noted that since March 1 the United States Treasury, using the proceeds of the Victory Loan, has redeemed more than \$10 billion worth of bonds—the largest and fastest debt-reduction program in all our history. From a peak of almost \$280 billion, the national debt has declined to a little less than \$270 billion. Furthermore, some of it has been shifted from commercial banks to individuals and institutions, which is also anti-inflationary. The dent in the debt might have been deeper still if Congress had followed the leadership of the Administration and not been quite so generous last Octo-

ber with its tax-cuts. For the immediate future there is no quarrel between the liberals and conservatives over Government fiscal policy. This is the time to tax heavily, restrict government spending and reduce the debt.

Religion and Well-Being. In an able article in the *New York Times Magazine* for June 16, wherein he discusses "Seven Great Challenges to Peace," Professor E. L. Woodward, of Oxford University, thinks the last great challenge is the "Need for Change." By that he means that the time has come for our economic and social structure no longer to be based on "a mass of poverty, frustration and black injustice." The ages of scarcity can be a thing of the past, a new economic order is now not only possible, but eminently probable. The danger lies more now, however, than ever it did before in the propensity of some individuals and groups "to go too quickly and play into the hands of cranks or worse than cranks." Finally, the professor remarks, one thing that has helped put the keen edge on this determination to end poverty and inequality is the decline in religious belief, which "has added immensely to the demand for a better distribution of the prizes of this world." This is, we hold, dangerous thinking, for it propagates and gives tacit approval to two basic errors. It presumes, first, that religious belief in the past has tolerated or at least piously put up with poverty and inequality. Whatever can be said of Stoicism or some of the more apocalyptic sects, that is definitely not true of Christ's Church. It is a false reading of history, current today, that the Middle Ages were so "otherworldly" that they cared not a fig for man's temporal prosperity. It has not been religious belief that has ignored man's well-being here; it has been the prostitution of religious belief to prop up such ideas as laissez-faire, which has tolerated and even blessed poverty and inequality. Second, if the argument is valid, then it would follow that the sooner we got rid of all religious belief, the sooner world prosperity and equality would dawn. The history of nations or groups that have wiped out or attempted to wipe out all religious beliefs proves quite the contrary.

Communistic "Equality." Without going back into the past, the implications in Dr. Woodward's statement get a neat rebuttal from the current scene. If religious beliefs have hindered the fight against poverty and inequality, we might expect to witness the group which professedly sees in religion only "the opium of the people" as the most passionate crusaders for the well-being and

equality of *all* peoples. Yet, despite their slogans, what have the Communists done? Certainly, all the people of the world now have desperate need of equality in the simple matter of getting enough bread. Have the Communists helped? Mr. Herbert Hoover stated in a press conference on June 15 that "the universal party line of the Communist party in every country is trying to break down the provision of food for the hungry people and thus produce chaos where they can fish in troubled waters." In every country he had visited, he said, the Communist press had attacked his efforts, alleging that the food contributed was to be used for political purposes. The unity of the opposition, he went on, is a strange phenomenon, in as much as thousands of Communists in the hungry countries are themselves benefiting. To add to the weight of Mr. Hoover's charges, it may be well to call attention to the fact that when the representatives of the American and Russian occupation zones in Germany met on June 13 to sign an accord on economic exchanges, upon the American proposal of an exchange of foodstuffs from the rich Russian agricultural zone, "representatives of the Soviet zone were non-committal." The dearth of religious belief among Communists has indeed whetted their appetite for things of this world, but there is little sign that they want those good things equally distributed. If we had never believed it before, we would now believe that only the religious, Christian belief that possession of this world's goods is a trust of stewardship can solve the problem of inequality and poverty.

Social Legislation. Social justice, like international peace, is not merely an affair of good resolutions or of repressive action. It requires an honest effort to iron out differences, to resolve disputes and to provide for the economic welfare of all according to their human dignity. With the war's end many sincere attempts were made to secure legislation designed to further social justice. The supposition was that legislative action on the national level is necessary to correct certain abuses and conditions. The raising of minimum-wage standards; extension of social security to groups as yet uncovered; provision of a national housing program to rectify a situation which imperils our family life; protection of Negro workers suffering from discrimination; improvement of medical and health services for rural and depressed areas; possible institution of compulsory health insurance—these were some of the measures proposed for honest discussion and ultimate legislative action. It is not that all the proposals were sound in

every detail or that all features should have been enacted immediately. In a country enjoying free speech, differences of opinion were only to be expected. What is regrettable and deplorable, as the Congress comes to its end without final action on many of the measures, was the pronounced tendency, by certain pressure groups, immediately to resist and to fight the passage of any social legislation whatsoever. Meanwhile we witnessed a scramble to remove controls and make way for inflation; to get rid of rationing despite world hunger; to demobilize without thought of the consequences—in short, to act as if the only desirable thing was to get back to a pre-war *status quo*, without further concern for social justice. The Comrades are wiser—they espouse social reforms which they know the people need and desire. It is time we, too, grew wise and changed our tactics. Opposition to a communist threat may temporarily unite many, but such a united front is built on the weakest of foundations unless we first renounce the inequities of the *status quo* and take effective steps to secure social justice for all our citizens.

Voluntary Relief Expenditures. In preparing its report for submission to the United Nations Economic and Social Council, the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service made a study of the expenditures of thirty-two such agencies on behalf of Europe's displaced persons. Of the total sum of \$19,257,700 expended in 1945, the staggering amount of \$13,224,500 was raised and spent by ten voluntary agencies working for Jewish displaced persons. One Jewish agency alone, the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, accounted for \$8 million. This is beyond doubt a magnificent tribute to the generosity of the Jewish people and a further manifestation of a trait sociologists have long pointed out—the deep sense of solidarity the Jews possess. Making proper allowances for the fact that the Jewish displaced persons, by and large, were shifted into areas where American funds and relief could reach them, whereas masses of European Catholics were displaced into sections beyond American aid, it does still seem that a deep sense of Catholic solidarity might have succeeded in raising more than the \$1,782,000 we expended on displaced persons. The next time you hear anti-Semitic talk and gossip, it might be well to recall these figures and to remember that one reason for anti-Semitism is just plain jealousy. The Jews do manage to get things done—and the regard that the mere intender directs toward the doer is always a little green-eyed.

WASHINGTON FRONT

ON JUNE 21, in the Senate, Senator McMahon of Connecticut made one of the most remarkable speeches ever to appear in the *Congressional Record*. The Upper House had just passed H.R. 6496, the Naval Appropriation measure. It called for \$4,100,000,000. The Senate debated it for a couple of hours and, during that time, at least four quorum calls were made, at which fifty-five answered to their names. The final vote was unrecorded but, judging from the previous calls, 41 Senators did not vote.

After the passage of the bill was announced, Senator McMahon arose, and said: "I do not suppose there is a Senator on the floor who can conscientiously say that he knows within a billion dollars whether this appropriation is right or not." He said he had read the hearings, the committee report, and the bill itself "and, frankly, I have not the slightest idea whether \$4,100,000,000 is the correct amount the Congress should appropriate for the Navy during the coming year."

The Senator did not feel that he was alone in his ignorance about the wisdom of voting away all those billions. "I say to the Senators," he declared, "that they have sat here today and, by a voice vote, put through a \$4,100,000,000 appropriation, and they really do not know very much about it," and he might have said that forty-one Senators had not voted at all.

The gist of Mr. McMahon's complaint was that the only persons they had heard on the bill were "the admirals," and "what else would we expect to hear from admirals except demands for all the money they think Congress will appropriate?" Specifically, he announced that the Senators did not know "whether the battleships which are carried in the appropriation bill are worth anything or not." The Senator's skepticism on this count is understandable, for in this, his first term in the Senate, he has made the atomic bomb his specialty, and Bikini had not yet come when he spoke.

It may be that other Senators present had the same uneasy conscience as Senator McMahon but, if so, they failed to make it known. Mr. McMahon did not stop at reproach. He pointed out that the Senate has at hand the means by which such irresponsible acts as the vote on the Navy appropriations could be avoided in the future, by passing the so-called La Follette bill.

It is known that, in its reorganization proposals, this bill would provide for boards of experts who would advise the various committees on the ins and outs of the measures they are considering.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS in the second World War numbered more than 5,000. There were 3,300 regular and 2,000 auxiliary chaplains. Records at the beginning of 1946 showed that 73 Catholic chaplains (61 in the Army, 12 in the Navy) died in the service. Total chaplain deaths were 172; 149 in the Army, 23 in the Navy. Listed in "Contributions of Army and Navy Chaplains" are 1,777 decorations won by Army chaplains and 98 decorations won by chaplains in the Navy.

► Catholic chaplains are well represented on these lists. They received from the Army 11 of the 18 awards of the Distinguished Service Cross, 26 of the 67 awards of the Legion of Merit, 61 of the 139 awards of the Silver Star and 12 of the 19 Soldier's medals. A Catholic Navy chaplain received the only Congressional Medal of Honor awarded to a chaplain, and other Catholic Navy chaplains received 4 of the 7 Legion of Merit awards, 5 of the 8 Silver Star medals and 6 of the 20 Bronze Star medals.

► The record of the Chaplains Corps as a whole, however, was an honor to religion, and Senator Mead's encomium is not exaggerated: "The impact of individual chaplains upon the lives of servicemen through counselings, services, sacraments and through their sheer humanity will be felt by these men for years to come."

► Speaking from his vast experience as Catholic Military Delegate, Bishop William T. McCarty, C. SS.R., said wise words for those wise enough to read them aright. Some U.S. military officials unfortunately looked upon religion as "the bunk," and so there were "many obstacles" placed in the paths of the chaplains, "preventing them from bringing men to God."

► The July issue of the *Sign* is a silver jubilee issue. We join the hundreds of thousands of *Sign* readers in congratulating the Passionist Fathers, its editors, on their fine achievement and in wishing them doubled success in the next 25 years.

► Evidence is piling up that both Protestants and Jews are turning to parochial schools as the only real solution of religious illiteracy among our youth. Here is some of the evidence: Last fall two Jewish parochial schools were opened in Providence, R. I.; more recently Protestant groups in Pawtucket, R. I., made plans for establishing denominational or interdenominational parochial schools; the Lutheran St. Matthew's Church of Pawtucket will start a "Christian Day School" in September, and Boston Protestants will open a "Christian Junior High School." A. P. F.

The Independent Philippines

CHARLES KEENAN

[On his recent visit to New York, the Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S. J., Superior of the American Jesuit Mission in the Philippine Islands, contributed to Father Keenan, of our Staff, some of his impressions of the present situation in the Islands, as material for the following article.—EDITOR.]

Take up the White Man's burden
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard.

That was Kipling's lugubrious prophecy when the United States took the Philippine Islands from Spain in 1898. But Kipling's prophecy was completely and gloriously refuted during the Second World War. The Filipinos were not impressed by the Japanese slogan of Asia for the Asiatics; with a fervor and unanimity almost unknown in the history of colonialism, they proclaimed their allegiance to America, and suffered and died for it in their thousands.

Americans thrilled to the heroic defense of Bataan and Corregidor in the early months of 1942. What they did not realize is that it was not only an American stand against desperately superior Japanese forces, but that it was—and overwhelmingly—a Filipino stand. Of the fifty thousand who fought that heroic rearguard action, trading human lives for precious weeks, the great majority, perhaps nine-tenths, were Filipinos. Years ago, when the writer was a sophomore in college, he defended the cause of Filipino independence in a college debate. One of the arguments thrown at him was that an independent Philippines could not defend itself against possible Japanese aggression, and that therefore America should continue to hold them, in the interests of their own security. That argument looked pretty silly in the closing days of 1941; but if any Filipino brought it up, he has yet to be heard from.

The Japanese expected to be in Australia by April, 1942; and it is said that the Allied military authorities were prepared to make a stand on a line drawn in Australia itself. Filipinos, at an incredible cost in blood and suffering, made hay of the Japanese schedule; and no account of the saving of Australia from invasion can ignore the heroism that held Bataan from December, 1941, to April of 1942.

It is fitting to recall these things as the Philip-

pines, on July 4 of this year, become an independent nation. Americans can well claim that their occupation of the islands has, on the whole, been beneficial; but Americans should remember that when the contribution of the Filipino people to American victory in 1945 is weighed, the Philippines owe us nothing. We are, and should be, impressed by the long, sad lists of American dead in the Second World War. Let us not forget that, after the infamous "Death March," thirty thousand Filipinos died in Japanese prison camps in two months. At one camp—Capaz, in Tarlac—deaths reached a peak of six hundred a day.

We moved into the Philippines in 1898, at the end of a war. We relinquish the Philippines on July 4, 1946, at the end of another war which, for destruction of life and property, made the Spanish-American war seem like a skirmish. It is true that a great deal of the destruction was the inevitable concomitant of the expulsion of the enemy from the islands. It is also true that it was largely American negligence which made it comparatively easy for the enemy to seize and hold the islands. We were the trustee, by our own choice, and we failed in our trust.

America, therefore, has a duty to help the shattered Philippines to reconstruct their civic and social life. The Philippines Government takes over the responsibilities of sovereignty in a dark hour of its country's history, in a dark hour of the world's history. We have a duty to help their first steps as a free nation.

The physical destruction, especially in Manila, has, of course, been enormous. Besides that, the breakdown of medical services during the war has led to the spread of disease: malaria, particularly, is reaching the epidemic stage. In one province, Ilocos Sur, there has been a drop of fifteen to eighteen per cent in the population. When it is recalled, that, even in good times, tuberculosis was a serious threat, the present state of affairs may be imagined.

The food situation, too, is critical. The sugar "centrals" and the sugar fields have been largely destroyed; and the peculiar conditions of sugarcane culture make it impossible to harvest a crop inside eighteen months. The banana crop is in an equally desperate condition. There is a serious shortage of rice and fish. In the rural parts just

outside Manila, the Communists, by their terroristic practices, are holding up rice production. Farmers see little good in producing a crop only to have it harvested by the local Communists. Communism has no appeal for the rural Philippines; the Comrades are resorting to force to swell their ranks, or at least to gain adherents. It is dangerous to oppose them.

The Catholic Church in the Philippines suffered its proportionate share in the destruction. A Catholic estimate (from a survey by the bishops and religious superiors) conjectures forty million dollars as needed to get the Church's activities started again on a minimum basis. The War Damages Commission puts damages to churches and Church-connected property at \$125 million. About half the churches in the islands have been destroyed or are in need of major repairs. Many priests wear clothes made from gunny-sacks.

Reconstruction is being organized by the Catholic Welfare Organization—a sort of Filipino NCWC. Heading it are Archbishop Reyes of Cebu, a Filipino; Bishop Jergens of Tuguegarao, who is from Holland; and Bishop Madariaga of Lingayen. Father John F. Hurley, S. J., is the executive secretary.

Not merely is the Church short on the material side of reconstruction; there is a serious dearth of priests as well. The Religious Orders of the United States have a great missionary field here; and they are rising nobly to the occasion. But with all the good will in the world, it will be a long time before the sorely overworked clergy of the Philippines are afforded substantial relief.

President Roxas and his government take office under very adverse circumstances; and the next few years will test the quality of his statesmanship. Though a Mason—like many Philippines politicians—he seems to have no anti-Catholic bias, and is expected to deal with the Church in a reasonable and understanding way. Opposed to communism, he will find his progress in the difficult agrarian situation hampered by the Comrades' vociferous denunciations and exaggerations. A great deal of the Philippines' economy is still conducted on a quasi-feudal share-cropping basis. Reforms here will demand prudence, tact and a strenuous campaign of education. The Communists will have a field-day with undoubted abuses, and will be lavish with promises and demands for immediate and radical reforms, without the least concern as to whether their demands have any relation to the realities of the situation. They are experts at fishing in troubled waters, and they will see to it that the troubled waters of the Philippines do not readily subside.

The wheel has come full circle. The story of America's occupation of the Philippines ends where it began—in the aftermath of a war, with revolutionary passions running high. But in the little less than half a century that we were there, we have succeeded in making of a subject people a loyal and courageous ally. We have left with them our American heritage of democracy and respect for human rights. If they are endangered in the Philippines, it is because they are under attack the world over. Looking back, on this Fourth of July in 1946, over our forty-seven-years adventure in colonization, we see many things that we must be ashamed of. Too often we succumbed to the temptations of the old imperialisms. But because we know only one way of life, and that the American way, it could not be in us to envisage a people permanently subject to and exploited by another people. We have always recognized that "in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the nations of the earth the separate and equal status to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them." It is to our credit that, almost from the very start, that eventual dissolution was foreseen as something necessary and inevitable; and that when it came, it came willingly and peaceably.

Colonial peoples everywhere have had their eyes on the Philippines for a long time. It was said that we would never give them up, because that would be a death-blow to the imperial policies of other nations. We have given them up; and we have, it may well be, opened a door to freedom to subject peoples the world over.

AT EASE IN THE CATHOLIC PHILIPPINES

JOSEPH T. NOLAN

THE BRONZE PLAQUE on the cathedral wall before us told a swift story of the faith that grows in adversity. The first cathedral: built in 1581, damaged by a typhoon in 1582, destroyed by fire in 1583; the next two, built of stone and destroyed by earthquake; the fourth, "magnificently rebuilt, destroyed by the earthquake of 1863"; the fifth, impervious to fire, rock-ribbed like a fortress, solemnly blessed in 1879. The plaque we were reading is torn by three bullet-holes, and when a new one is placed there it may add, "destroyed for the fifth time, 1945, by the bombs and shells that liberated Manila."

The triple archway of the cathedral still re-

mained, and through it we passed into the shell of the church, open to the sky, its columns broken in great fragments and the altars shattered into marble slag. Three huge bells were part of the general tumble-down, and from each had been removed the heavy metal tongues that once called the time of Mass. We climbed over the mountains of ruin, shaded our eyes from the X-ray quality of the August sun, and came out in time to encounter a party headed by Archbishop (now Cardinal) Francis J. Spellman. He had landed that morning in Manila; in the ordinary black suit and clerical collar he seemed very unusual among the khaki-clad chaplains. That was good; he looked like America and home. He met all the GI's who quickly emerged from the nearby tents, and cameras snapped as he climbed over the boulders to look at the spot where once a celebrant sang "Glory to God in the Highest," and the altar-boys' knees sank deeply in the soft red rug.

A few days later the Archbishop would be surrounded by a great living phalanx of soldiers and sailors as he sang once again the solemn praise of God, because victory and peace at last had come. There was no cathedral left to house this long-awaited celebration. In the open air of Rizal Stadium he prayed upon an altar supported by the gleaming brass of artillery shells; overhead, vested as the eternal High Priest, the figure of Christ looked down on the altar from the Cross, carved in rich New Guinea rosewood by a soldier with only a penknife and a talent born of love.

The Americans who were forced to destroy the churches have built their own with speed and skill. Sheet metal covers the gaping roofs of bombed-out buildings, and their broken walls are mended with woven Filipino brushwood, while the bamboo is bound and varnished and fashioned by native skill into the altars and finishings of a church. Navy Quonset huts start out like a little dirigible shed and emerge with a steeple and flower garden; at the Philippine Sea Frontier the Seabees left their handiwork in a Quonset chapel with an ivory-white altar; soft, hidden lights for the sanctuary, a crucifix, and a row of Stations sketched by a sailor-artist.

At Christmas on the Sea Frontier the overflow of Navy carried the Mass into the outdoor theatre, where eighty seminarians and twenty little Filipino boys massed behind the altar and followed the hands of Dominican Father García into the great swelling chorus of Gregorian Chant and the Christmas Mass. The celebrant was the Jesuit Father James E. Haggerty, whom the Japanese never found for the three long years in which he came to be known as the Guerilla Padre. Father

John P. Delaney, S.J., was out of sight with a microphone, guiding with his comments the radio audience throughout the Philippines that attended. He also gave the sermon, and an off-stage crisis developed a bare two minutes before. Someone had forgotten his surplice. Trying to keep the microphone out of the conversation, I leaned over to remind him. The celebrant went on singing the Gospel. It was in the chaplain's office, "in the wastebasket," so he said. That made no sense, but a mike is no place to argue. He meant the file basket, I found out later. In the scramble of a search that followed, the Episcopalian chaplain generously offered his own flowing garment, and rather dubiously I took it, but the real article turned up just in time.

Confessions had preceded the Mass, on Christmas Eve and for days before, and were presumably finished. When an extra Father, however, sat down in the theatre to hear Mass, a line of servicemen immediately formed and he heard confessions instead. At Easter came another Mass and broadcast, the Navy singing the *Missa de Angelis* with the seminarians. Father Delaney, who once broadcast the funeral of Pius XI and the papal election in Rome, was certainly our ace commentator—but he was away. I inherited his mike and script, and had to set about filling in the many places he delivered from memory. Back in the States, I think a Sunday or monthly broadcast of the Mass, sermon, choir, prayers and comment, might be a new way to increase knowledge of this prime act of Christian worship.

Convents in the Philippines went up in flames with the churches; but in those that remain, and in some rebuilt by willing servicemen, there are still deep armchairs and the hospitality of home. Chocolate-cake somehow appears, and afternoon tea for the GI's that drop in. In the Navy, coffee-drinking is a part of the business of staying alert and awake. So the Sisters gave us tea, to relax. The new Maryknoll convent behind our base, where we relaxed so often, is a veritable creature of the war. Mass is offered in an exquisite chapel where many grim things are baptized to a holier service. The draperies are of parachute-silk, a favorite material both for overseas chapels and brides. Bright shells of brass are fashioned into candelabra, a support for the Mass book and a credence table. The altar-cards are encased in plexiglass from a bomber. Most striking and beautiful, the gleaming silver nose of a P-38 fighter has been sheared away and hammered into a tabernacle to house the Prince of Peace.

Another Maryknoll convent at Malabon, a suburb of Manila, was literally fenced in by

prayer for three years of war. The Sisters were interned, but the Japanese never bothered to take over the fine Spanish house and garden. "Why not," I asked, and was told: "because Mother Superior prayed every day, a petition to the Infant Jesus, that they would spare our church and school and home." The church adjoining, which could have been hewn out of a stone mountain, is marked by two wooden towers which bear tribute in their wooden way to the marksmanship of the American Navy back in the Spanish-American War. When Admiral Dewey's ships rode into Manila Harbor, according to the story, his gunners took range on the twin stone towers in the distance and destroyed them.

Within the cavernous church the Japs had questioned and tortured Filipino guerillas. Outside it they had stored gasoline-drums, to fire the town and ravage everything in the frenzy of the last few days before the Americans came. For some reason—which could be prayer again—the officer in charge did not complete the orders. Another town along the river was marked for destruction and was saved by the subterfuge of Filipino guerillas, who poured out of landing barges waving American flags and simulating a surprise Yank attack. The enemy did not investigate too closely but went scattering ahead of time.

After a wonderful dinner at Malabon—St. James Academy—Sister Rose Marie will show you her cooking equipment, now happily obsolete, containers that the Army has used for fuel oil. The oven from which came unbelievable biscuits was a five-gallon gasoline can—nothing more, except that it was ridged to hold two tin shelves. It was raised on a grate and banked with heavy flagstones to hold in the heat, which came from broken sticks and twigs. I saw all this and thought of the kitchens in the slick paper ads where sink, stove and refrigerator are all built like a white dashboard with only the buttons and dials in evidence. It's all nice and synchronous, but it doesn't make a cook or aid the art of improvisation. The Los Baños internees will tell you that Sister Rose Marie, who was one of them, could even prepare their miserable rice with a flair and a flavor. Her last name is O'Callahan; her brother was the Navy chaplain of the *Franklin*, and we of the Navy rated well at the convent in Malabon.

Many a serviceman has discovered that in the odd corners of the earth the faith is always familiar, and a church is often the place most suggestive of home. The red glow of the sanctuary, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the sister, the priest and the Mass—these are the things of our youth, and to find them around the world gives one a

new sense of kinship with the faith and those who share it. And this is true, no matter what the complexion of the priest or the language of the prayers after Mass. Slowly you learn the sweet reality that the Mystical Body is not a figure of speech.

The Jesuits here tell a story of the familiarity of the faith, not quite so internally rooted. Before the war a cruiser entered Manila Harbor, part of the Asiatic Squadron which delayed the enemy and died so nobly in the terrible days of 1942. Two Catholic officers were cautiously seeking a place for Saturday-night confessions. They had heard of a schismatic church in the Islands and did not want any substitute for Rome. "We want all the passes, especially the *Ego absolvo te*." They entered Intramuros, the ancient walled city of Spanish Manila which abounded in churches, just as it now abounds in their ruins. The names on the confessionals in the first one—Fathers Oliveira, Aquila, Hernandez—seemed strange and not reassuring. The church looked Catholic but. . . . The next two in the block were the same way. They tried a fourth, and suddenly read names like Fathers Gallagher, Riley, Sheehan. "Tom, this is it," called one. "No doubt about it; just like home."

BROWN HOUSING

A SISTER OF THE HOLY NAMES

ALL THE CHILDREN love her. You would, too. She is a real fairy grandmother to the neighborhood. For seven years now she has been a tradition on Fort Street, Detroit, consoling, advising, uplifting. We became acquainted, Luella Johnson and I, in a very unorthodox way. You see, my classroom windows open out on her two-by-four porch. Since it is her one refuge, much of her time is spent there. Year after year the intricacies of my history and geography lessons have been interwoven with her melodious renditions of Negro spirituals, occasionally interspersed with "over-the-fence" gossip and punctuated by warnings and endearments generously doled out to every child (and they were many) who came to see her.

Our friendship grew with each passing year from a smile or occasional nod to a more frequent chat or visit. Through her uncomplaining efforts to alleviate the distress so prevalent around her, my eyes were opened to the appalling deficiency of the Negro's housing and the dreadful consequences inseparable from such conditions: immorality, juvenile delinquency, disease, death, fires and accidents.

In 1940, fifty per cent of the Negro housing was classified as substandard. This rating was based on poor construction, lack of running-water, lack of toilet facilities and over-crowding. During the past five years, 70,000 Negroes poured into the city to be jammed into the already crowded "segregated slums" where cheap, jerry-built, wooden structures abounded. The Federal War Housing Commission made a feeble effort, but an effort none the less, to lessen the tension incident to the sudden and close fusion of hitherto separated peoples. They built 3,000 temporary units. But what of the thousands of Negro families not only homeless in a strange city but ruthlessly restricted by racial discrimination from seeking living quarters other than those in the slums? These families moved into apartments already occupied by other families, until four and five families were living in space where one or two had been crowded before.

After the race riot of 1943, every authority agreed that, although it was not the only factor, housing conditions caused much friction. Take a look at the housing situation stripped of its maze of statistics. Next-door to my classroom, a dilapidated two-story frame building disgraces an already drab and dirty street. Children ooze out of sagging doorways, hang out of open windows and overflow onto the rickety steps and broken pavement. East Fort is a typical street in this blighted area. Besides the Catholic Church and school, the block is cluttered with no fewer than two metal-factories, one newly-expanded laundry (expanded, I might add, at the expense of a two-story home) and three struggling stores. The people? They live wherever they can squeeze in, above or alongside of factories, stores and laundry.

Won't you come with me to visit my friend? She has an elaborate suite of three rooms and a bath for which she pays the modest sum of \$20 a month. But there's a reason for the moderate price. She happens to be a World War I veteran's widow, and the Government obligingly deducts the monthly rent from her check, mailing the rent money directly to the landlord. Under such circumstances it would be foolhardy to overcharge. What of the other occupants of the house? How do they fare? Mrs. Johnson tells me that they are not so fortunate. Upstairs, in front of her, six grown-ups and five children exist in four rooms, paying rent on a "per-capita" basis, although this is illegal. The eleven of them belong to three different families. Much chiseling goes on despite the efforts of the OPA.

Downstairs, in front, one family of five lives in three dark, damp rooms. Theirs is luxury. Behind

them, crowded like animals into three small rooms, is a family of eleven. Eight of the children sleep on the floor in the room which serves as "parlor" by day. A small back entrance is kept barred winter and summer because its tiny hall must serve as an extra bedroom. The case of fifteen people living in one room and paying \$18 a week rent is not an isolated one.

If the lack of living space were the only complaint, it would be a serious one—but there are others. Behind this building we notice a small barn-like building. A few wooden steps have lifted its status from that of barn to human abode. Shall we go in? The door opens creakingly; the room seems dark and crowded with furniture. Looking back, we see a large slit under the door, leaving an open highway for what you will.

Another unfortunate feature is its nearness to the alley. Perhaps you have heard of the rat menace? Perhaps you bemoan the inefficiency of our city officialdom in removing the prime cause? How often is your garbage removed? Here it remains not for mere days but weeks and even months, awaiting the pleasure of the city.

Claribelle and Jimmy belong to one of three families living in the two-room shack. Last week, during the night, one of these rats bit and poisoned Claribelle. Her nose bled profusely. But, after all, other members of the family had been bitten by rats before. In vain did Mrs. Johnson counsel the parents to call a doctor. Poor people hesitate to call a doctor until the need is evident. Sunday night the reaction set in. Claribelle lay in a coma while her frantic parents tried in vain to reach a doctor. Will she live? We do not know.

Our neighbor's house, on one side, hugs the blank wall of the Belle Isle Laundry, shutting out all fresh air and sunshine, and making electric lights or oil-lamps necessary all day. There is, as a consequence of such factors, four times as much tuberculosis in our slum area as in all the rest of Detroit. Besides encouraging disease and fostering the spread of vermin, the damp heat emanating from the laundry forces the poor people to seek escape outside. Beer-gardens do a flourishing business. Then there are always the streets and sidewalks. Add to that fact the almost 100-per-cent absence of playground facilities in the slums and you know why windows are broken, cars stolen, purses snatched, homes robbed—in a word, you have the key to Negro juvenile delinquency.

More annoying than the dampness are other inconveniences due to the laundry's proximity. Its huge chimney belches forth soot and steam in regular sequences five days a week, making breathing difficult and cleanliness despaired of.

Further, suppose we visit Mrs. Johnson and ask a glass of cool water. This refreshment has to be foregone because, she explains, the plumbing is so poor she dare not let the water run lest it flood the room. Only then do we notice the small kettle waiting patiently under the sink to receive the drippings each time the faucet is turned on. Hot water? That is something you dream about.

While we are chatting together in the clean but shabby room, it begins to rain. We're safe inside; why worry? But Mrs. Johnson immediately goes into action; she rolls up her fairly attractive living-room rug. We fear the heat has affected her; she reassures us with a broad grin as she drags a huge washtub from the dim recesses of some closet, and plants it in the center of the room. We understand her anxiety as we hear the drops splashing into the tub, and suddenly realize that the plaster is hanging perilously from the ceiling. Apologetically, Mrs. Johnson explains that the roof has been leaking for the past five months. The landlord just wouldn't fix it. Landlords have the knack, in this district, of sliding out of necessary repair work.

Mrs. Johnson and I will be more friendly than ever in the future. Perhaps she will one day bring her flock of little friends to the Gate of Heaven where no segregation exists and sociologists need not ask the question: "Is your housing adequate?"

THE DRAMA OF GENERAL MIHAILOVICH

WALTER DUSHNYCK

GENERAL DRAJA MIHAILOVICH, once the hero leader of the Yugoslav Chetniks and now the principal of a treason trial conducted in Belgrade, is a symbol of the times. Had history run a different course we might have found General MacArthur, or de Gaulle, or Montgomery in his stead, or even a mass trial of all. Ironically enough, General Bor-Komorowski had the good fortune to be captured on the nazi side of the "iron curtain." Mihailovich is, indeed, not alone in having his anti-nazi resistance movement labeled "fascist" and in being heartlessly discarded by his allies in order to placate and gratify the Grand Master of the Kremlin. The unrelenting struggle and endless sacrifices of literally millions of Poles, Ukrainians, Baltic nationals, Slovaks, Georgians, Armenians and others have received little or no recognition from the Allies for fear that such might irk or seriously annoy the Red dictator.

The case of General Mihailovich, from the time of his organization of resistance through the as-

cendancy of Stalin's Communist exponent in Yugoslavia, Tito, down to the treason trial is, in actuality, an instance of abandonment of vital and essential principles on the part of the victorious Powers. He represents the small nations of Europe, still oppressed and still betrayed. Shoulder to shoulder with the defendant at Belgrade stand the United States and Great Britain.

The facts of the case of General Mihailovich are few and simple. On April 6, 1941, Nazi Germany attacked Yugoslavia. Belgrade, the capital, fell a week later, followed shortly after by the total collapse of the state. The Yugoslav Government promptly joined the other governments-in-exile in London.

Colonel Draja Mihailovich, along with thousands of others, did not surrender. In the mountains he organized a force for resistance. Upon his success, the Government-in-Exile gratefully promoted him to the rank of General and made him War Minister. The Allies followed suit by recognizing him as a war ally.

From 1941 until the defeat of the Axis, he fought the superior German-Italian forces. The evidence of his operations is vast. On March 30, 1946, the United States Government addressed a note to the present Yugoslav Government, stating that General Mihailovich, "without adequate supplies and fighting under the greatest hardships," contributed materially with his forces to the allied cause. The Committee for a Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich, in New York, headed by such citizens as Arthur Garfield Hays, Charles Poletti, Adolph Berle, Theodore Kiendl and others, produced depositions by American and British officers who had been to General Mihailovich's headquarters on official missions. The testimony of five British officers corroborated and supplemented the statements of the American military personnel before the Commission of Inquiry of the Committee. The British officers produced facts, names and figures which unquestionably support the conclusion that General Mihailovich not only did not collaborate with the Germans, but had desperately fought them to the last day of their stay in the Balkans.

The Americans witnesses before the Commission were: 1) the former members of the American Military Mission attached to General Mihailovich's headquarters, 2) former members of the American Military Mission attached to Marshal Tito's headquarters and, finally, 3) former members of the Army Air Forces grounded and saved by General Mihailovich's insurgents in German-held Yugoslavia. There was neither contradiction nor conflict in their depositions.

But the most revealing testimony was given by Colonel Robert MacDowell, of our General Staff School, head of the last American Military Mission to General Mihailovich. Since his statement was approved by the War Department, it can be assumed that his views reflect the official stand of the United States Government.

Colonel MacDowell categorically refutes the charges brought against General Mihailovich by Tito's Government. He gives his account of Mihailovich's struggle against the Germans and Italians. "A very substantial body of evidence," he writes, "supports the conclusion, to which the undersigned completely subscribes, that General Mihailovich, a known bitter anti-nazi before the war, devoted himself wholeheartedly to the task of driving the Germans and their satellites out of Yugoslavia." He states, further, that it was he and *not General Mihailovich*, who arranged a meeting with a German emissary at Mihailovich's headquarters at the request of the German command to discuss surrender terms. This alleged "collaboration" is a keystone of the accusation against Mihailovich, and, indeed, it has served as an argument for Tito's apologists in America, such as Stoyan Pribichevich, Louis Adamic and other "partisan" publicists. Colonel MacDowell describes not only Mihailovich's vast operations against the Germans, especially during the crucial years of 1941-42 in North Africa, but reveals as well the sensational fact that Tito's Partisans, or "National Army of Liberation," were avoiding open clashes with the Germans and, instead, had attacked General Mihailovich's troops at the moment when Mihailovich had ordered a general uprising against the Germans in February, 1944. It was at that time that General Mihailovich rescued and saved about 600 American combat fliers. Colonel MacDowell gave his opinion of General Mihailovich's "guilt":

The real crime of which General Mihailovich is accused is that, in the minds of 80 per cent of the Yugoslav population he became and remains the symbol of the simple, sturdy Yugoslav peasant resistance to tyranny foreign or domestic.

Marshal Tito, alias Joseph Broz, is relatively little known in his "native" Yugoslavia, much less as a fighting patriot against the German and Italian invaders. Like Togliatti (Ercoli) in Italy, Thorez in France, Bierut in Poland, Manuisky in Ukraine, Dimitrov in Bulgaria, and Kuusinen in Finland, Tito was sent from the Kremlin to take over the communist puppet, Yugoslavia. Inasmuch as the Soviet Union was still an ally of Germany when the latter attacked Yugoslavia, it is only to be expected that the Yugoslavs should accord all

credit and glory to General Mihailovich as their real hero. Tito, however, had a powerful sponsor in Moscow. Stalin seems to have been astonishingly successful in convincing the late President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill at Teheran that Mihailovich was a "traitor" to the Allied cause. After the conference, Mihailovich was officially dropped by the Allies and Tito elevated. This was at a time when, according to Colonel MacDowell, vast areas had been liberated and were being held by Mihailovich's nationalist forces! The American and BBC broadcasts, however, obediently followed the communist communiqués and thus helped to foster the deception.

It was, indeed, typical of Mihailovich to refuse to leave with the last American mission, preferring to remain with his people and to face Tito's grotesque court of justice.

Numbers of people who know the efficiency of courts of justice under the Soviet system, and who recall that Yugoslavia is under the tight supervisory hand of the NKVD, or rather OZNA, its counterpart in Yugoslavia, predicted that the trial against General Mihailovich would be a "political show-trial" against the United States and Great Britain. The general pattern of the hearings seems to confirm this hypothesis. First of all, there is the growing belief that General Mihailovich is no longer his former self. Whoever recalls the Moscow purge trials will notice that, although the defendants pleaded not guilty in general to the charges against them, they did, however, admit guilt on most specific details.

All indications so far tend to suggest that the trial is, in the main, a political manifestation directed primarily against the United States and Great Britain. Tito's prosecution is trying to prove that the United States and Great Britain, ostensibly supporting the Partisans, were in reality undertaking a campaign to liquidate them with the help of the Chetniks. Actually, the Allies stopped sending military supplies to General Mihailovich after the Teheran Conference, which was officially confirmed by Churchill in the House of Commons on May 25, 1944. Colonel MacDowell's deposition stated categorically that all American planes that came back after picking up the American fliers carried no cargo when they set out.

On another point, General Mihailovich maintains that he was "but a pawn in Power politics and that the United States and Britain had impelled him into the course his Chetniks pursued." Furthermore, he is reported as saying that he wished to come to terms with the Partisans but that the British Mission under Colonel Duane

Hudson refused to assist him. And, again, that his positive orientation toward Russia was opposed by the Yugoslav government-in-exile. Both American and British Missions since the Teheran Conference supported Tito's Partisans only.

In a document entitled: "Trial of Mihailovich: An Analysis," signed by David Martin, Secretary of The Committee for Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich, it is stated that the court proceedings are wholly political. The accused were given only a very short time to prepare their defense. From the sketchy reports of the trial, it is evident that the presiding judges, all army men, are prejudiced and openly hostile toward General Mihailovich and his associates. The defendants, for instance, remained on the stand for seven hours a day. The president of the court makes occasional speeches to the audiences, recounting Mihailovich's "guilt."

There are strong suppositions, moreover, that the defendants were subjected to some form of physical and psychological pressure. Mihailovich's testimony, according to the Committee's statement, is "a complex of truths, half-truths and complete fabrication forced upon him by the prosecution." Mihailovich was quoted as complaining: "I am very tired. Sometimes I am so tired that I say *yes* when I mean *no*." The behavior of the rest of the defendants, while not following the same pattern exactly, disturbingly indicates that the men do not act normally. As in previous trials of such outstanding Chetnik leaders as Kesserovich, Lukachevich, Slepchevich and others, the conduct of the defendants leads qualified experts to charge they have been drugged.

General Mihailovich pleaded not guilty. Yet he has admitted responsibility for so many "crimes" charged against him that actually his plea of not guilty no longer has meaning. While it seems that he was given a chance to defend his own person, the prosecution extracted from him most important concessions which condemn all his subordinates, his entire Chetnik movement, the Yugoslav government-in-exile, and at the same time the governments of the United States and Great Britain. He supposedly declared that he "disapproved in principle" of having American fliers testify in his behalf, but he added that "they could add much to my defense." It is hard to believe that a man on trial for his life would refuse the assistance of witnesses who could come to his rescue. He is reported, furthermore, as complaining that he is losing memory. For instance, he could not recall his first attack upon German troops, but did "remember" that the Partisans started a resistance movement several days ahead of the Chetniks! Also, he implicated many of his commanders as

collaborators with the Germans, but when asked the names of those who did not collaborate, Mihailovich replied: "I do not remember."

It is hard to predict the ultimate fate of General Mihailovich. He may face the firing squad of the OZNA or be given a light sentence or even be completely exonerated. Again, he may be given a "rehabilitation" post in a new, Moscow-inspired and Moscow-led "Pan-Slavist" movement in the Balkans against the American and British "atomic imperialism," later to disappear into the unknown parts of the Soviet hinterland. Soviet history is full of such fallen heroes like Timoshenko, Maisky, etc., or other janissaries who fell into "disgrace," were "rehabilitated," then vanished.

But it can safely be said the old Mihailovich is no more. The resourceful, inspiring Chetnik leader, implacable enemy of Nazi *Uebermenschen*, as well as of power-mad little commissars of the Red Star, is now a broken symbol of a small and betrayed people.

The Soviet Union, by destroying Mihailovich the ideal and Mihailovich the man, makes an important advance in its program. General Mihailovich's trial is only one of many such "trials" conducted by "people courts" in Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Slovakia, Poland, Finland, the Baltics, etc. Next on the agenda is Metropolitan Joseph Slipy, head of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, who will go before a military tribunal in Kiev.

Mr. Gromyko's undiplomatic utterances against the visiting Polish General Bor-Komorowski are, in this wise, significant. Moscow's obvious intention is to remove or destroy any one who was, is or could be a potential enemy of the Soviet system. With an iron hand and by terror all these "enemies," of which General Mihailovich is perhaps the best known, are being removed in the countries behind the "iron curtain," so there may be favorable circumstances for the implantation of the Soviet way of life.

WHO'S WHO

JOSEPH T. NOLAN (Lieut. jg., USNR), who was still in the Philippines when he wrote his account of the Church in the Islands, has now returned to the United States and is at present on duty in Massachusetts.

SISTER OF THE HOLY NAMES remains anonymous by the rules of her Order, but her record of work for interracial justice is known and appreciated by many of the American colored people.

WALTER DUSHNYCK, a native of the Western Ukraine, is a graduate of the University of Louvain and of Columbia, and has done extensive work in the history of Eastern and Central Europe. Mr. Dushnyck served with the Tenth Army on Okinawa and was attached to General MacArthur's headquarters as interpreter.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE

EDITRI

NATIONS are families, so it is not only proper but inevitable that that very human institution, the family reunion, should play its part in their lives. It was a hastily arranged affair, but still an authentic and successful family reunion that we held on December 7, 1941. Then, again, last August 16! Less somber than the first, more mel-low than the second, but no less worthy of rubri-cation than either, will be the July 4, 1946, cele-bration of the birth of Philippine Independence.

Borne down by trying days and an uncertain future, the American people can welcome July 4 this year as a rare opportunity to raise the roof a little in joyous celebration of a splendid achieve-ment. For the first time in recorded history, a colonial Power has deliberately groomed and con-ducted a dependent people toward liberty and autonomous statehood. We did not dishonor the cornerstone of our own freedom, on which we read that *all* men are created equal and enjoy an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It is proper that on July 4 the Filipino people and we mark with fitting ceremony the birth of a new nation, conceived in love of liberty, nur-tured in the ways of free men and now entering at last into the family of nations bearing proudly the likeness of the mother that bore her. But nothing we can do on July 4 can affect the fact that the real celebration of our mutual achievement—the real lesson of that achievement for mankind—was marked forever, not in joy and laughter but in the blood, sweat and tears of Bataan and after, when the blood of Filipino boys ran out with American blood in defense of a common ideal. The lesson: men will live and die for freedom. One world must be a free world.

At every family reunion there is time for cheer-ful reminiscing and a time for more serious talk of the present and future. Our relations with the Philippines are rich in memories—from the early, difficult days when many Filipinos, and Ameri-cans too, were suspicious of the "new imperial-ism"—on through the middle years when every high-school forum in the land was ringing with the demand for Philippine independence—down into the dark war days and their tragic aftermath.

When we get down to serious talk we shall find plenty to occupy us. If Philippine freedom is to be more than a cruel mockery, it must be re-enforced with economic aid. The Islands for a long time will need preferential trade agreements with us; they will also need aid in enlarging and diversifying their agriculture and industry. We

must aid them, too, in rebuilding the shattered religious and cultural plant that was always so fruitful a source of mutual affection and respect.

That aid is not something lent. It is not even a debt to be paid. As we shall remember on July 4, it is merely opening the family cupboard to one who is very much, and always, "one of our own."

PROGRAM FOR HOUSING

ADEQUATE HOUSING for millions of Ameri-cans now living in crowded, substandard and often indecent quarters remains a top problem of our economy. The moral implications of the situation (AMERICA, March 30, p. 652-3) are grave and beyond dispute. Present conditions—and with the greatest of efforts ten to fifteen years are required to remedy them—constitute a serious threat to the nation's family life, as well as to the physical, intellectual and moral health of individuals.

Whereas wartime gains pushed living standards upward and increased production promises to fill homes with gadgets, the number-one socio-econ-omic problem in family living goes unsolved. Without space, light and air, without decent quarters for normal growth, recreation and fam-ily living, the American family deteriorates.

To date, Housing Expediter Wyatt has done an admirable job. Problems involved in expanded building are better understood. Lumber imports—badly needed to bolster our dwindling supplies—are encouraged. Over a million board feet, in all categories, come into the country each month. Mayors' emergency housing committees now exist in 340 cities. Needed revision in building codes is encouraged, although only one large city—Port-land, Ore.—has incorporated the necessary changes to date. Training of additional skilled labor and liberalization of restrictive practices are at least begun. Yet, despite efforts of Federal, State and local authorities to clear the path, cer-tain major steps are not being taken.

The Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill (S. 1592), pro-viding for a long-term comprehensive housing program, is perhaps one of the most satisfactory bills devised during the present Congress. Con-siderable consultation and discussion took place before its final passage by the Senate. In that body, not outstanding for unanimity during the present session, sponsorship and support of the bill fol-lowed bi-partisan lines. After some concessions to "private enterprise" interests, it seemed generally

recognized that the National Housing Bill was the best we could do at present, and the urgent need for a postwar program justified its passage.

The Bill, in whose support so much journalistic and legislative effort was expended, today rests in the House Banking and Currency Committee. The reasons for the delay are not clear. Absurd charges against the bill, circulated by private, special-interest groups, should be ignored and action taken. Its enemies have labelled it "socialistic," destructive of private enterprise, "crackpot" New Deal legislation. It is none of these things, but an honest attempt to help the public get the housing it needs and will not get without it. If it does not get it, the public should know why.

DE GASPERI'S PRINCIPLES

WHEN THE PEOPLE OF ITALY voted in their recent referendum, for and against a republic as alternative to a monarchy, the members of Italy's Christian-Democratic party registered their choices on both sides. How could they do so without splitting the party? The answer is found in the firm tradition that already lies behind the party, a tradition of certain principles which have been developed over the years and are now ably adapted to the present circumstances. These leading ideas were outlined by Dr. Mario Gonella, Editor of *Il Popolo* and former Editor of *Osservatore Romano*, in a talk given by him at the party's congress held in Easter week of this year. (*People and Freedom*, May 15, 1946.) They may be summed up as follows:

The key idea is liberty, "that essential human liberty which draws its substance from Christian inspiration and which the new state must foster and guarantee." This state, while not a Catholic state as such, is to be one that is guided by Christian ethics as befits a Christian people. This involves:

Primacy of labor over capital; the worker's right of access to ownership; labor's share in management; elimination of "economic hegemonies, financial and industrial baronies and agrarian feudalism"; limits of state intervention; regional devolution as safeguard against a centralization which easily leads to despotism.

In his closing speech, Prime Minister De Gasperi declared that Christian Democrats stand against every form of totalitarianism and for the principle of pluralism and the vindication of freedom. De Gasperi's personality has been compared on several counts to that of Eamon de Valera. This may account for the enthusiasm that both his person and his ideas evoke among his followers.

NO IMMORAL PLANNING!

THE VARIOUS COUNCILS of the United Nations have, in all conscience, tasks superhuman enough without their accomplishment being frustrated from the beginning by Godlessness. The achievement of political unity among the nations of the world is slow and disappointing, even though the dignity and freedom outlined in the Atlantic Charter presumably guide the deliberations. That achievement would have been antecedently impossible had the deliberations been explicitly guided by injustice and inhumanity.

Hence, when Dr. Djamil Pasha Tutunji, Transjordan observer to the International Health Conference in New York, urged, for the achievement of the peace, that overpopulation be controlled "by limiting the birth rate," he was urging that this agency of the United Nations damn itself to failure from the very beginning, because no movement based on immorality can succeed.

It is to be admitted that Dr. Tutunji did not specify artificial birth control, but it is little likely that he had in mind continence or self-control as a means of slowing up natural population increase. That he was understood to mean "planned parenthood" in the anti-Christian sense is shown by the approval given his words by Dr. J. H. J. Upham, chairman of the National Medical Council of the Planned Parenthood Federation.

Such an approach to the problem on the part of the United Nations, therefore, is to be condemned utterly, for it is a brazen flying in the face of Providence, and if we ever needed God's blessing on our planning, it is today.

Further, this immoral approach is not even the scientific one. It is true that many countries, especially in the East, are crowded to suffocation. But there are still vast tracts of the earth's surface where population is a problem only because of its absence. France has said that unless she grows by three million in ten years, she is finished as a nation. Brazil and the Argentine have expressed readiness to receive thousands of immigrants.

Here, as in so many other phases of modern life, the problem is not, so to speak, one of production, but of distribution. We should have learned by now the short-sightedness of plowing under wheat just because there was more than we could eat, while millions starved.

What the United Nations could do scientifically would be to construct machinery to effect large-scale population movements. What it may not dare to do, even under a pretense of science, is to include in its program the countenancing of an immoral violation of God's natural law.

MOTHER CABRINI'S REQUIEM

ARE REQUIEMS really the first step to canonization? Before saying more on this point, let us recall an occurrence.

Five pious Catholic priests held an anxious and hurried consultation on the morning of January 2, 1918, before conducting a funeral ceremony for a saintly Italian nun. Present were the celebrant of the Mass, who was the Rector of the Redemptorist House of Studies at Esopus, N. Y.; the two Fathers who would act respectively as Deacon and Subdeacon of the Mass; an Italian Father who would preach in the late Mother's own language; and the English-sermon preacher, who happens now to be Editor of AMERICA.

None of the five had ever faced this particular problem before. For the chapel altar at West Park, on the Hudson, in the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, was brilliantly decorated with candles and flowers, as if for a gala celebration, and the thirty Mothers Superior who had assembled from all corners of the New World to see their Foundress' remains laid away, were convinced no Requiem Mass was in order, since their Foundress was a saint and was already gloriously reigning in heaven. She had died a saint's death on the December 22 previous, in Chicago, and her bodily journey to West Park, N. Y., was the literal fulfilment of the prophecy she had made when she had acquired the property, a former Jesuit novitiate, some twenty-five years before. *Sta la Madre già in Paradiso*, insisted the nuns. But there was little time for deliberation, none for consulting "approved authors." It was the coldest morn of one of the East's ever coldest winters: twenty-five below zero, and we (speaking editorially), with our hardy French-Canadian Jesuit companion, had crossed the mighty Hudson afoot from Poughkeepsie, hopping like Eliza from the ice floes to the rocky western shore. The flowers were already wilting in the heatless chapel; the children, festive-clad as if for their First Communion, were shivering violently, and nature seemed at odds with grace. If the Arctic-swathed clergy felt freezing inside, what would happen to the children and the nuns?

So caution—rubrical and physical—prevailed. The children were ruthlessly dismissed by the clergy to a heated room, the white vestments and decorations removed, and the usual black funeral Mass celebrated, with its somberness relieved chiefly by the special fervor of the Italian discourse. It was only when the profoundly moving procession formed to conduct Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini's bronze coffin to its resting-place

in a nearby garden vault, that caution took its flight, and it overwhelmingly impressed us that we were now burying one whom one day the Church of Christ might declare a canonized saint.

Were we lacking in faith when we hesitated to sing a *Te Deum* and Mass of Thanksgiving instead of the customary Requiem? In the light of today's burst of glory over the name and memory of Mother Cabrini, we might now be judged poor, timid souls, though common sense tells us we were, after all, adhering to the simple, plain directions of the Church. Perhaps we failed to write what would have been a radiant postscript to Mother Cabrini's whirlwind history. The memory of a very matter-of-fact English sermon appears such scant amends for what seemed even then like a sort of celestial discourtesy.

Still, it is reasonable to believe that if we could consult the *Santa Madre* upon the matter today, we might find her judgment entirely lenient. We surmise that the Holy Foundress herself might have sent down a characteristic bit of imperious protest from her new-found seat in heaven, if we had not hurried things a bit that glacial day and bundled the tots off into the kitchen. The Editor has a vivid recollection that the very first retreat he ever gave was to Mother Cabrini and her Sisters and children, at that same house of West Park, and how she had her sharp, black eyes fixed on every woman and child in that humble audience, to see that they minded what the youthful Director was attempting to say.

Whatever the Retreatants may have derived from this experience—many of them, said the Mother, knew no English—the Director himself gained a knowledge at first hand of the Mother in the period of her struggles with misunderstanding and poverty, some thirteen years previous to her death, that will never desert him.

But most of all we like to reflect that when our Requiem Mass that day prayed for God's Handmaid departed—asking that she be taken to Paradise, her true country, to meet Him in whom she had ever (and, oh, how gloriously) hoped and believed—the Church, through these ancient Requiem prayers, was indeed making the first declaration of her canonization. We only need to weigh those ever-repeated words, as expressing what is now already fulfilled, in all the sense of their prophetic meaning.

So if we were timid then, let us be bold now, and claim, not so fantastically, that we five were the first liturgically to claim her as Blessed and as a citizen in the ranks of the saints. This may give us an extra claim to a share in her saintly intercession.

J. L. F.

LITERATURE AND ART

A NOTE ON CENSORSHIP

HAROLD C. GARDINER

IT IS WITH NO PRETENSIONS of settling the problem once for all that I enter into these embroiled lists. Even in a society of no one save eminently intelligent and prudent men, the problem of censorship would be a perennial thorn in the flesh—though I suppose that if everyone were intelligent and prudent nothing would ever be said, written, painted or dramatized that would require censoring. But since we have not that perfect society, as long as men in the one camp hold to "freedom" of speech as meaning that they can say or write anything, and stalwarts in the opposite camp give too much power to the police functions of government, there is going to be a wide diversity of opinion on just how much censorship, if any at all, is permissible or desirable.

The discussion rises right now for this moderate airing because James T. Farrell, a stirrer-upper of causes if ever there was one, is heaving up his Excalibur again to hack away at the knot of censorship which tightens round him, this time in Canada. Ottawa has banned the importation of Farrell's latest novel, *Bernard Clare*, which David Sim, of the Customs and Excise Department, discovers to contain two indecent chapters. Therefore, says this official, there was nothing he could do "but slap on the ban. We're not on a witch hunt. The fewer such decisions we have to make the better we like it."

In an open letter to Prime Minister W. L. MacKenzie King, Mr. Farrell declares that "neither in this work, nor in any work of fiction that I have published, have I ever written one line which a fair-minded human being can, by any stretch of the imagination, term 'pornographic.'" Mr. Farrell would apparently base this contention on his further statement that

... for decades the literate people of the civilized world have come to grant the serious literary artist the fundamental right to deal with the phenomenon of life frankly and objectively. . . . It is only by describing conditions as they are that the road can be found to better conditions; it is only by describing human beings as they are, describing their needs, their feelings, their problems, their actions, that they can be made better . . . if this be indecency, then life is going to be increasingly indecent despite all the efforts of all the censors, official or otherwise.

What Mr. Farrell and others confuse here, quite obviously, is that censors, official or otherwise, are not passing judgment on the author's own sincerity and purity of motive (though it may be a little hard to avoid the suspicion that the constant, monotonous, detailed description of sex aberrations springs not so much from a desire to point out for correction as from a delight in rolling these juicy morsels under the tongue). The author may have a veritable apostle's zeal to correct the sundry and swarming abuses he feels honestly called upon to chart in painstaking bas-relief; the only thing the censor can judge is the map itself; if the main road of the pure intention, the sincerity, the serious artistry is obscured by the swamps and offal heaps of indecent detail, then it is a bad map and will lead people astray and ought to be condemned. The author

of the map may be able to use it deftly and thread his way out into the sunlight; those who have not his wizardry at cartography will in all likelihood slither into the swamp.

In other words, what censors (modest ones, of course, for prejudices may be operating) are judging is not the author's mind and intentions, but the objective book itself. They are not asking: "Is James T. Farrell a bad man, or a charlatan, or a wretched writer, or a genius?"—but simply: "Does a prudent judgment foresee that this book will do harm?"

Here we are brought to the very essence of the censorship problem, and to the real reason why it does seem that Catholics are, generally speaking, more prone to accept and even exercise censorship than non-Catholics. That essence of the problem of censorship is the concept of the *common good*. That concept is also the explanation of the amenableness of Catholics to censorship.

The common good is the only justification that can be alleged for the limitation of an author's expression. An author has the right to freedom of speech, to describe things as he sees them, but that right ceases to be operative when it comes into conflict with the right that others have to be protected, and when the right of others is the right of a majority against a minority as represented by an author and his coterie, the common good of the majority takes precedence over the narrower antecedent right of the few to freedom of speech.

Now it is quite true that in any individual case the censor may make an error of judgment; Mr. Sim may have made one in the application of this principle of law to *Bernard Clare*, and if Mr. Farrell were protesting merely the banning of that book, we might listen with a great deal of sympathy, but when the very idea of censorship in general is compared by Mr. Farrell to the political "iron curtain" that divides Europe, and when the curtailment of his artistic freedom is likened to the "choked" feeling of the "masses because they are denied true freedom," then it does seem that Mr. Farrell is confusing his individual freedom and the common good. We wish most heartily that Mr. Farrell could feel entirely free; since, in the judgment of a presumably unbiased and competent man and government, Mr. Farrell's freedom would effect the restriction of freedom to many, it would seem to be a matter of rather simple mathematics whose freedom has to yield.

The further point to be established, of course, is whether or not this common good does actually exist. Is there really a large body of people who with reason feel that they have the right to be protected from what they consider indecent literature? Some time ago a prominent Boston bookseller, Mr. Richard F. Fuller, proprietor of the Old Corner Bookstore, had occasion to write in the *Boston Herald* (Jan. 15) in defense of the new Massachusetts law regarding obscenity in books. In his very able article he brought out a point that the crusaders against censorship in any form are apt to ignore.

Mr. Fuller's argument is that since only about ten per cent of the people are readers in any considerable sense, and since they have not, therefore, been introduced gradually to the change in "frankness" which has overtaken American fiction in the past three decades, it is safe to say that well over eighty per cent of the general public, given, say,

Bernard Clare for judgment, would honestly believe it obscene. Official censorship, accordingly, when applied sincerely, is speaking for the wishes of the majority of the people and is, consequently, or can be, entirely in accord with democratic processes, a fact Mr. Farrell and other dissenters testily deny.

I think it certain that the banning of a good number of books published in this country during the past year would have met with widespread public approval, not because the American public likes "witch-hunting" or desires to curtail "artistic freedom" unduly, but simply because the ordinary citizen realizes, perhaps somewhat inarticulately, that he has a right to be protected from any unnecessary multiplication of occasions of sin. And this is a fact despite the million or so copies that a *Forever Amber* or a *Manatee* may have sold, for it cannot be overlooked that for the million who have read them, overwhelmingly more millions have not and will not, on principle, read them.

The common good of the great majority of the people, therefore, is the basis on which a justification of censorship rests. This, to take up the second point made above, is why censorship, if judiciously exercised, never raises the hackles of Catholics so ferociously as it does of non-Catholics. It is not that Catholics are cowed and subservient; it is that there lies deep in the Catholic consciousness a realization that law must have a regard for the common good; Catholics know (though emotional stress may bring them to disregard it in action) that individual hardships must be borne in marriage, for example, for the sake of the common good; not one Catholic in a thousand finds any reason to get angry with the Index of Forbidden Books, because we know, and find it quite reasonable, that individual freedom to pick and choose must yield, unless specific permission to the contrary is obtained, to regulations that envisage the common good first.

The whole matter hinges on a proper concept of law. The age-old Catholic concept that the goal the lawgiver has always to keep in mind is the good of the generality of the subjects yields more and more in modern life to the perverted view that law-making is a species of arbitrary action. Once the idea of authority in moral and religious matters was denied to the Church, it was inevitable that positive, secular law would be increasingly considered merely a police function. That is why so many people think of censorship, whether official on the part of the state or exercised through bodies such as the Legion of Decency, as being first and foremost an attack on the freedom of the minority, rather than, as it is in essence, a protection of the rights of the minority.

Mr. Fuller, in the article referred to, sums this aspect up rather nicely when he says:

Democracy is defined as the rule of the majority with due regard for the rights of minorities. Minorities should, I believe, have due regard for the rights of majorities.

There is nothing undemocratic, therefore, in the idea of censorship. The application of the idea is a matter, to be sure, which demands the utmost prudence, to avoid both any unwarranted restriction of the author's freedom and any self-defeating publicity for the banned work.

But it is quite another matter to leap from the difficulties of a prudential application of censorship to a denial of any justification of the very idea itself. If the idea is false, then the whole concept of the coercive power of law for the protection and advancement of the common good falls, and we are deep in the jungles, where every man is a law to himself.

So much for the idea behind any proper exercise of censorship. The need for wise, firm censorship in some fields is brought home to us these days by the revolting advertising of Howard Hughes' film, *The Outlaw*. The common good would most emphatically be served by the banning of such displays.

HEART FOR ALL HER CHILDREN

I have seen Our Lady in Ireland, being carried in procession in May

A Loveliness on the shoulders of her faithful sodalists.

I have seen Our Lady sorrowing on her altar in a London church,

And by her feet a large white candle burning for the men in Normandy.

I have seen her in France, arriving before a cathedral

Amidst the shouts and tears of her children, a returned

Prisoner of War in an old, beautiful and venerated image.

I have seen her in Luxembourg, smiling down from niched corners

Of quaint streets, and even from an office building.

And, from her small shrines above the entrances of nearly every home,

In a small hamlet in Germany, on the Frankfort-Munich road,

I have seen her weeping over the guns and the refugees;

From the houses she looked down—and the town was not harmed.

I have seen Our Lady in so many lands; and in all those strange

And varied lands, men were her children, and men had her love.

ALBERT J. HEBERT, JR.

THE CHESTER-BELLOC

Out of the land of La Pucelle,
The fields where once the warrior saint
Rode up to destiny and death
With grave and graced restraint,
His song rang like an ancient horn,
His words shone out like Roland's blade
Knightly in his championing
Of you, Madame, sweet maid.

Where once the very grass was yours,
Inviolat in dower right,
An advocate with laughing song
Pleaded your cause until the night
Of banishment rolled back and you
Returned to walk the English way,
Along the lanes where lingered still
Faint echoes of your former May.

Orison

More than a shield of Faith they made
Together in their love, O Mary,
As down the fortunes of their lives
They fought your fight with press and parry.
For this, and all the host they raised,
Mother, receive these gentle men,
And brevet them forevermore
Within the corps of saints. Amen.

MARGARET DEVEREAUX CONWAY

BOOKS

SURVIVAL THE STAKE

ONE WORLD OR NONE. By Niels Bohr, Arthur H. Compton, H. H. Arnold, Hans Bethe, E. U. Condon, Albert Einstein, Irving Langmuir, Walter Lippmann, Philip Morrison, J. R. Oppenheimer, Louis Ridenour, Frederick Seitz, Harlow Shapley, Leo Szilard, Harold C. Urey, Eugene P. Wigner, Gale Young and the Federation of American Scientists. Edited by Dexter Masters and Katherine Way. Whittlesey House, McGraw Hill. \$1

SWEEPING AS IS THE TITLE of this little book, its authors, fifteen distinguished scientists, assisted by General H. H. Arnold and Walter Lippmann, consistently prove they mean no less than this title suggests. Having first-hand knowledge of the know-how of the bomb's production and the manner of its use, they demonstrate with frightening clarity the choice before Americans. This choice is control of the atom by some system of world unification, or the physical end of Western civilization by the destruction of its material basis and the death of many of its inhabitants. The apprehension that right now drastic steps for control of the atom must be taken and that procrastination will lead to terror beyond our imagination, runs like a thread through this book, which is essentially pessimistic because, for a happy ending, it supposes sweeping reform of our conceptions of national sovereignty, which seems too drastic to be realized.

Arthur Compton's introduction betrays the overall bad conscience of the authors over their part in the invention of the bomb. These scientists know they have created a greater monster than Frankenstein's. This fear, coupled with a sense of guilt, gives the book a desperate sincerity. It underlines strongly the brilliant argumentation and tight formulation which make the book as excellent in form as it is outstanding in subject matter.

It treats all aspects of splitting the atom. Some of its articles, each written by a different scientist, deal with principles involved in utilization of atomic energy. Others examine the peacetime use of the atom. The second part of the book, which contains contributions by Walter Lippmann and Albert Einstein, primarily seeks ways to control the atom.

Naturally, the most important part of the book concerns military use of atomic energy. For us, unfortunately, this is more important than its peacetime use. For the latter is a distant goal which will be attained only if the atom bomb has been outlawed. Again, where the book deals with the political implications of atomic control, other writers would be able to make worthwhile proposals, whereas none can tell us with equal authority what the atomic bomb means to mankind.

Here, the scientists establish and prove this point: since the bomb is incredibly destructive, present-day defense is ineffective; other countries will have the bomb in a short time; as it is a much cheaper method of warfare than the conventional method, an atomic-armaments race is that much more likely and in the end will result in complete destruction.

No responsible man of adequate background has ever attempted to argue that the scientists over-rated the power of the atom bomb, or under-rated the possibilities of defense against it. Therefore, if their argument is unassailable, we must face the facts and grasp the full significance of the closing sentence of the book "Time is short. And survival is at stake."

If it were possible to drive these two sentences into the consciousness of every citizen, the people might force the government to go far beyond its present feeble efforts to harness the atom to peace. It will depend on our attitude whether *One World or None* will become an historical document which correctly outlines a period of hitherto undreamed-of atom-created prosperity, or whether in the not-too-distant future, a copy of the book may be found among the ruins of our cities as a reminder of a futile warning. Whatever this book's fate, it is tied up with the fate of its readers as is no other book in history. A. E. BRETTAUER

THE BIRTH OF FREE ENTERPRISE

GOVERNMENT AND LABOR IN EARLY AMERICA. By Richard B. Morris. Columbia University Press. \$6.75

MORE THAN ONCE, in his admirable effort "to introduce a note of greater realism into the study of American history," Professor Morris says a courteous last word at the expense of less cautious historians. He moves easily amid a staggering mass of facts drawn from "some 20,000 court cases, largely unpublished" and from town ordinances, vestry books, newspapers, diaries, letters and business papers, wherever they could be found from Maine to Florida. Fifty columns of fine print make a scarcely adequate index. But this comprehensive and objective study, like a great parable, leaves the most important things unsaid. The author presents the evidence with a consistent, almost ironical restraint, and his fine legal mind leaves the verdict to a jury of his peers.

After an extensive outline of mercantilism, he examines its regulation of business in the interests of the rich. Wage-rates, terms and enforcement of contracts, concerted action and maritime and military labor relations are scrutinized in the various colonies up to the 1780's. "Combinations of employers for purposes of trade monopoly, price-fixing, and control of the labor market were more common in colonial times than combinations of journeymen, and were unmolested by law," while "from the employers' point of view, statutes authorizing compulsory labor and setting heavy penalties for absenteeism and desertion" were "sufficiently potent weapons against strikes and union activities."

Though not so bad as in England, the whole picture of "free" labor is not pretty; yet bound labor fared worse. Servants—indentured to repay immigration costs, or for crime, debt or apprenticeship—generally could not sell their goods or marry without the master's consent. The latter law led to secret and illicit unions, punished alike (a maid might even have to serve an extra term to compensate her master for time lost from work in having a child by him). Apprentices suing for freedom on completing their terms were not too successful, since employers constituted the juries; and the fifty acres of public land once allotted to freed servants were often given to the master instead. Even, Professor Morris says: "Justice for the laboring man was precariously dependent upon a fortuitous conjunction of the humanitarian impulses and economic interests of those in power."

Besides protection of profits by rigid controls on labor, mercantilism rested on a second pillar: subordination of colonial interests to England's. When this was reinforced by the Trade Acts after 1763, American merchants diverted popular resentment from themselves by cheering their workmen on to tear down both pillars. Professor Morris inimitably underplays this climax: despite its "distinct interests," labor was "not precluded" from "joining with the commercial interests to protest British policy." Of the nascent social

American Saint

Amid the splendor of St. Peter's in Rome on July 7th the ceremony raising Mother Cabrini to sainthood will take place. This noble woman, whose virtues were peace and humility, is our first American saint. She is also the first saint to be canonized in the reign of His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

If you haven't had the opportunity to read about this modern-day saint and her thrilling story of missionary enterprise, read Lucille Papin Borden's book, **FRANCESCA CABRINI: Without Staff or Scrip.** \$2.75.

Mrs. Borden expertly manages to get both the worker and the woman down on paper with the right amount of mysticism. Her fervent and devout account of the life of a saint, whose great work stemmed directly from her absolute faith in God, is a warm, human story, dominated throughout by Mother Cabrini's charming personality.

Two other titles which bring joy to our hearts are: **EXILE IN THE STARS** by J. J. Donohue and **CARMELITE AND POET** by Robert Sencourt. The first was a dual selection of *The Catholic Book Club* and has continued in sales since its publication, despite its classical and literary allusions. For the liturgical minded, its creative excellence and poetic beauty will be of interest, and poetry lovers everywhere will think of it with pleasant satisfaction.

Mr. Sencourt's able study of St. John of the Cross will do much to encourage the many spiritually minded persons who are attracted by his renown. Thru it they will be brought to realize that the writings of St. John are not the work of a mere visionary sentimentalist, but rather the writings of a man with a trained mind and much practical experience, acquainted with human infirmity in all its phases. It has a message for all those who acknowledge that their destiny with regard to God is "to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

EXILE IN THE STARS	\$1.50
CARMELITE AND POET	\$3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
New York 11

revolution which the successful political revolution thus smothered in a patriotic embrace, he adds: "Democracy, as we understand it today, was not by any means achieved with the Revolution."

The book's timeliness is merely hinted in its opening sentence, a passing reference to Madison's first contribution to *The Federalist*. Today, as in 1787, Americans look to effective price control as their last weapon against profiteers. And what comes clear in Madison's essay—even more in his frank notes on the Constitutional Convention—is the same terrified struggle of men of property for a laissez-faire economy to support them against this dispossessed majority.

The law had been kind for a century and a half, but in 1787 there was thunder in the west. Pat Henry and Tom Paine were still trying to win *their* revolution, and State governments were in danger of falling into the hands of the people. The mercantilists perforce became Federalists, and elaborated at top speed such specious rationalizations as we are hearing today. Professor Morris, outlining the attempts of popular conventions to halt the postwar inflation, is content to add that from their failure followed: "1) the creation of a strong Federal government; and 2) the crystallization of sentiment among members of the Convention in favor of laissez-faire policies." When their Constitution, without a bill of rights, was, as John Adams said, "extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people," substantial men of business could well rejoice. The popular revolution was dead and the sacred American tradition of free enterprise was born.

Such things Professor Morris does not say; his task is research, not synthesis. But he lets the facts speak, and they shout for all who have ears to hear.

WILLIAM M. DAVISH

BOHEMIAN GIRL

BRITANNIA MEWS. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.75

"ADELAIDE" WOULD HAVE BEEN a much better title for this latest genially cynical book by the author of *Cluny Brown*. For it is, simply, the story of a headstrong, naive, quite understandable girl and woman—her infatuation with her drawing teacher in the late Victorian days when young ladies had such impedimenta, her marriage, the revelation that he was no Watteau, if quite a wassailer, their living in poverty, his accidental death (for which she almost hangs), the blackmail by a horrid hag that keeps her in the slums instead of returning home, the meeting with a seedy gentleman, their hitting it off well together and setting up home without benefit of clergy, the success they make of a puppet theatre, their death in the blitz.

That sounds like quite a to-do for one book, and it is. Miss Sharp has the definite storyteller's gift; she keeps things moving, and the episodes unroll with no creaking of the machinery. In addition, the social atmosphere is good, and that is where the Mews come in (did you know that "mews," though it now refers to stables, used to have a connection with falcons?); London life swirls around that little alley, and it rises and falls on the tides—from comfortable hostlers' homes down to slums and up again to Bohemian apartments. And Adelaide lives triumphantly through all the phases.

The last part of the book shifts the emphasis somewhat from Adelaide to a niece of hers, and here, though the story gets a little out of joint, the social commentary is more pointed in castigating the young arty set whose only fixed value seems to have been shame at *not* having had extra-

marital experiences. If there is little depth in Miss Sharp's jeering at their silly immorality, there is undoubted point. And it is a relief to have such matters not dwelt upon, but flicked lightly with a caustic lash.

This is by no means a great book. It is of a more serious vein than the author's earlier ones, and avoids the flippancy that often verged on the indelicate; but Miss Sharp's humor, it strikes me, is worn a little too lightly on the sleeve ever to blend successfully into the serio-comedy of great literature. Even in the tragic scene of the fatal accident to Adelaide's husband, one is conscious that there is a light-hearted laugh floating around somewhere near.

This is pleasant enough reading if you are not looking for spiritual motivation behind actions and can evaluate one immoral situation (not, however, offensively detailed) more justly than the characters in the story do.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THE INVISIBLE SUN. By Mildred Lee. The Westminster Press. \$2.50

DELIGHTFUL, INTIMATE, PENETRATING, without being a fluoroscopic examination, after the manner of so much of today's reading, *The Invisible Sun* is a good book. It is good from a literary and stylistic point of view; it is good because it is refreshing and honest and down-to-earth and true to life; it is good because it holds the interest from start to finish; it is good because the central character, John Paul, is good.

Deceit and bigotry and narrow-mindedness and the cruelty of man to man are in this book, but goodness is there, too, even as we find it every day. One does not outweigh the other any more than in our work-a-day world, where, as we know, both good and evil await a surer judgment than our own.

The Invisible Sun is no story of a mass conversion from evil to good because of one man; it is just the story of one man, John Paul, Baptist minister in a small town in Georgia, who tries, who is disappointed often and discouraged in the trying, who, like any true apostle, does not see, or even hope to see, the fruit. It is enough for him that there be fruit, that good has been done, that souls have been won from evil to the good.

Highest praise from this reviewer for this eminently (in his opinion) praiseworthy book is that he wishes he had written it himself.

JOHN J. CONKON

LINCOLN'S INCENTIVE SYSTEM. By James Finney Lincoln. McGraw-Hill Book Co. \$2

JAMES F. LINCOLN at sixty-two operates the largest plant making arc-welding equipment in the world. He considers this fact less important than that his workers at the Lincoln Electric are the highest paid and happiest in the world. He considers adequate pay and the security of the workers to be prime tests of management. His book records show how, by the practice of liberty and the pursuit of business in his plant, his men have the fullest opportunity to develop and exercise their abilities.

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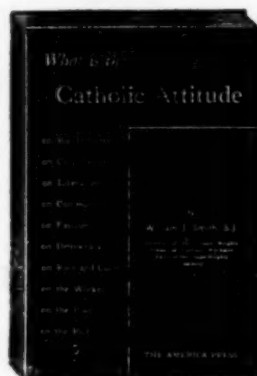
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neered in most social reforms. About twelve years ago, the board discussed with Mr. Lincoln the idea of an annual bonus. Since that time take-home annual wages have increased over four times, dividends increased three times, the numbers employed increased four times, and prices to the customers have gone down sixty per cent. Fifty per cent of the workers own stock in "their company," more than seventy-five per cent own their own fine homes. Nobody loaf and absenteeism is no problem. The productivity per worker has increased seven times since 1933.

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All these things are incentive management—the culmination of efforts to make management creative and functional. Mr. Lincoln turns his back on military management, on older forms of management where boss is "boss" and worker is "man." At Lincoln, with its extraordinary and amazing record, men and management are a team serving the consumers. So long as the customer is considered in this light, there will be harmony between the men and management. Like the married couple who live for their children, the worker and manager work for the customers.

In a word, James F. Lincoln's record, his incentive management, his ideas of freedom and happiness in the plant, are economic democracy. Since his plant does not differ from thousands of others in the world (it has no secrets, no special patents, no lack of competition), any of these thousands of others could do likewise. It is necessary to management to start with a more Christian relation to the worker, and to have a determination to work for the customers first. This economic democracy would bring about real political democracy and preserve man's natural rights, while limiting effectively the sphere of government to the services of man and God.

PAUL E. ANDERSON

LAND. By *Liam O'Flaherty*. Random House. \$2.50
THE TITLE IS MORE PRETENTIOUS than the story. "Land" was a fighting word in latter-nineteenth-century Ireland; and battles, in and out of Parliament, were fought around it. Little of the breadth and scope of this struggle appears in Liam O'Flaherty's book. Its story turns on the feud to the death between Michael O'Dwyer, leader of the oppressed, rack-rented, land-hungry peasants and Captain Butcher, type of the arrogant Ascendancy landlord. The main plot moves fast enough, having as a sub-plot the elopement of District-Inspector Fenton of the R.I.C. with Captain Butcher's wife.

There are, of course, Father Francis, the "silenced priest," friend of the people, and Father Costigan, the parish priest, whose motives do not seem to be quite above suspicion. Mr. O'Flaherty might more fairly have given us the picture of the average parish priest, caught between the upper and nether millstones of a powerful and ruthless Dublin Castle and a peasantry verging on desperation and ready to be led into a rebellion that could end only in bloody failure. He pictures well the degradation that comes from the persistent and inexorable stifling of a people's pride in their nationality and in their land.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the story is the "conversion" of Aunt Elizabeth to a real sympathy with her people.

CHARLES KEENAN

OUR OWN KIND. By Edward McSorley. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THOUGH FREELY SPRINKLED with vulgar and profane expressions, this story of Irish-American life in Providence, Rhode Island, shows strength, vigor and a deep understanding of many phases of human experience. It leans toward the austere or seamy side in its recording of trials and sorrows and of weakness and meanness, but it is brightened by many exhibitions of nobility of character and of courageous battling against overwhelming odds.

In Ned McDermott, Mr. McSorley has produced a real person well worth knowing. Denied formal education in his boyhood and having toiled for years in the hard and dangerous work of iron molding, Ned sets his heart on seeing that Willie, his orphaned grandson, will get an education to fit him for higher things. Life is seen chiefly through the eyes of these two and, as they move along together, growing in mutual love and understanding, Ned pours out on the boy his own rich store of experience and of Irish history and of a general philosophy of life that is notable for its objectivity and keenness of observation, while the boy's misfortunes and failures never overtax the old man's ingenuity to find a solution or to bring consolation with a witty remark.

About it all there is an air of practical Catholic life, not lived in its perfection, but holding on gamely to the faith and its main practices and being sustained by it. There are many really beautiful passages, especially on religious matters, and an abundance of exciting or humorous episodes.

At times the style grows heavy because of the crowding of too many details into one sentence but, on the whole, it has a pleasing and energetic movement, and this first novel holds promise of power that needs only to be tempered in expressing the sordid or unseemly. WILLIAM A. DOWD

THE UNTERRIFIED. By Constance Robertson. Henry Holt and Co. \$3

DURING THE CIVIL WAR, opposition to Lincoln was not concentrated in the South. Throughout the North, Democrats were organizing against the war in favor of an immediate and negotiated peace with the Confederacy. These men were "the untterrified," and it is the story of their anti-army draft activities and villainies, particularly in New York, that provides the background for this dramatic novel.

While Mrs. Robertson's handling of the political and military issues is deft, and substantially supported by an extensive bibliography of nearly two hundred titles, it is her development of family relationships which is most absorbing. Young Ranyard King's decision to oppose the army draft stirs conflicting loyalties within his own family, estranges his dearest friend and cousin, Dexter Bard, who is a Union soldier, and sets off a series of events involving his destructively (and often sickeningly) beautiful Southern step-mother, Lacey Merriam King, and ending in tragedy for his devoted young brother, Nate. Treachery, disillusionment and a sense of guilt combine to bring Ranyard to full stature, and the book ends with his enlistment in the Union army.

One of the most satisfying things about this book is that sins are called sins, and at least some of the people who commit them put up a real struggle to avoid and overcome them and are even conscience-stricken when they have been weak. There is only one complaint: unfortunately, this well-written and, for the most part, absorbing novel goes to pieces at the end. Ranyard is the only character who is fulfilled. The reader is left wanting to know what happens to the others.

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THEATRE

MORE ABOUT ACTING. In last week's column, I referred to a performance by Barbara Bel Geddes as an instance of great acting, when "fine" would have been a more judicious adjective. I trust the exaggeration was not fatal to the thought I had in mind, which was to inquire how much good acting depends on sound playwriting.

Miss Bel Geddes and Montgomery Clift, mentioned along with her, were cast in roles written with skill and sincerity and invested with dignity by the playwrights. Their task was to interpret characters endowed with interesting if not admirable qualities of genuine people.

In *O Mistress Mine*, an inane and immoral play, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne coordinated their talents in a performance which, as an acting job, was peer, if not superior to those of Miss Bel Geddes and Mr. Clift. There was no meat in the roles the Lunts were asked to accept. All the Lunts had to work with was three acts of dialog. Nevertheless, in the consensus of critical opinion, they made the play plausible and interesting by sheer excellence of acting.

Observing the Lunts at work, one never has the impression that they are interpreting their roles. Instead, they seem to fabricate the characters as they go along, as a spider spins its silk while weaving a web. The Lunts do not attempt to keep their formula a house secret. One is permitted, even invited, to observe the various stages of their process of producing counterfeit reality. Their stock-pile consists of trembles of emotion, nuances of humor, scraps of passion and the other raw material of personality. They select the materials they want, combine them with the right inflections and gestures, underscore them with appropriate business, and produce characters. Their characters are neither profound nor poignant, but they are plausible and more human than the playwright created them.

The only people who think *Anna Lucasta* is an important play are Negrophiles whose enthusiasm exceeds their judgment, and escaped share-croppers so fresh from the South that they have not yet found time to comb the cotton out of their hair. The former read some mysterious kind of social significance into the play; the latter think it libels their race. The author apparently thinks so little of its importance that he has permitted various producers to bring down the curtain on four different endings.

As a piece of dramatic writing, *Anna Lucasta* consists of a stereotyped plot and two hours of dirty conversation. But when Hilda Sims, Fred O'Neal, Canada Lee and their associates took hold of the hackneyed story and shoddy characters, the thing assumed the appearance of significance. The actors shook the lead out of the characters and made them agile and provocative. In *Anna Lucasta*, as in *O Mistress Mine*, the actors' contribution to the play was more important than the playwright's.

The actors did not, in either play, "interpret" the flat characters created by the playwright. They made the characters three-dimensional, endowed them with the appearance of life. In each instance the actors usurped a part of the playwright's function.

If I suggest that acting is a creative art, the hub of an ancient controversy, it is unintentional. I am only trying to discover, mainly for my own convenience, whether good acting consists of interpreting a role as the playwright created it or making a dull character come to life. The answer? Your guess is as good as mine.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

SMOKY. A story by Will James, the lonesome cowboy, has been given a bright and believable production which further illustrates a Hollywood paradox. Films invariably attribute the highest type of loyal intelligence to horses, and stress the animal instincts of men. The real protagonist here is a wild stallion exhibited against the technicolored brilliance of the wide open spaces. A wrangler who is suspected for his reticence, of all things, captures the horse and adds a tender training to his routine duties. But peace and a budding romance are interrupted by the arrival of a brother who looks on the cattle with black-market eyes, and the usual rustling episode follows. The main interest, however, is in the cowboy's search for the stolen horse and, after a career ranging from rodeo to junk-wagon, the noble animal is rewarded with green pastures. Louis King's treatment scorns customary violence in favor of fine scenic effects, and the absence of casual gunplay makes the yarn almost idyllic. Fred MacMurray, Ann Baxter and Bruce Cabot are well cast, and Burl Ives is featured with deliberate frequency in engaging cowboy songs. It all adds up to an excellent family entertainment. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG. This one carries out the noble-animal motif in a predominantly comic vein, presenting a kind of canine detective who halts a crime wave in spite of assistance from mere human beings. In the current postwar-adjustment cycle, even dogs must be veterans, so this one applies his K-9 corps training to the capture of a hold-up gang after he has been suspected of complicity. He also comes to the aid of romance, saving his mistress and a reporter-veteran who had been condemned to the comparatively dull assignment of checking the progress of the atomic bomb. Allyn Joslyn and Carole Landis are amusing in type characterizations, and Herbert Leeds sets a pace which outruns when it does not solve the complications. General audiences will find it modestly diverting. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THE RETURN OF RUSTY. The attempt to bolster the program-value of this minor film by a preachment on tolerance comes off a bit obviously but, on story element and performance, it is engaging enough for family audiences. A Czech boy who stowed away for America is forced to hide from immigration officials when his adoption by a soldier is held up. His difficulties are only partly official, since he meets native-born antagonisms, but eventually he proves his worth. William Castle's direction is adequate, as is the playing of Ted Donaldson, Barbara Woodell and John Littel. And, to round out our Be-Kind-to-Animals week, there is a heroic dog in this one, too. (*Columbia*)

THE SEARCHING WIND. Lillian Hellman's play has reached the screen with its shallow liberalism in politics and morals intact. It is a stale conversation piece suitable for a pink tea. A diplomat sets up the slight action by reviewing mistakes in his political attitude in the light of his son's personal tragedy in the war. A much-discussed divorce falls through only because the characters lack the conviction of their materialistic principles. All the thunder on the left is directed at isolationism and appeasement, and Spain is recalled but the Hitler-Stalin love feast is not. William Dieterle's direction is discursive and, in spite of Robert Young, this parade of *ex post facto* wisdom is too heavy a burden for the hot weather, aside from its wobbly morals. (*Paramount*)

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PARADE

(Bill, a taxi driver, reading in his cab . . . Louie, another driver, parks at opposite corner, comes to Bill's cab.)

Louie: Just had a fare gabbing about rats in his warehouse. He spouts and spouts until I'm going nuts.

Bill: Guess he's under a strain; things is so unsettled these days. People shoot their mouths off to ease their minds.

Louie: Maybe. Anyway it drives me bugs.

Bill: You and me both. I like a quiet cab, Louie. (Woman steps in Bill's cab, gives directions. Louie gets out, car starts weaving through traffic.)

Woman: Driver, I'm on my way to lecture. Please tell me what you think of these quotations. I plan using them.

Bill: I ain't much on this stuff, lady.

Woman: I want the view of the common man, so please tell me. Here's one: Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise; my footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

Bill: OK, lady, OK.

Woman: The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine! Feels at each thread and lives along the line. How's that?

Bill: OK. Here's where you get out, lady. (Woman pays fare, alights. . . . Middle-aged man steps in.)

Man: Take me to . . . (lights cigarette). Driver, I just cut a woman's throat.

Bill: Yeah?

Man: My work is lifting faces. I've lifted all kinds. Old necks are so wrinkled, you got to cut them. I don't cut young necks. Just take in a tuck here and a tuck there.

Bill: Like a tailor, eh?

Man: Correct. Ever think of having your face lifted?

Bill: No, I ain't never have.

Man: You ought to (leaning over, peering in front mirror). I might make you look like a boy again.

Bill: I don't want to look like no boy.

Man: I think I could make your face more human. However, if you want to stay looking the way you do now, that's your bad luck. (Cab stops, man darts out, disappears. Another man, thirtyish, jumps in.)

Man: To . . . Hurry, driver. I have a sensational discovery to announce at a scientific convention.

Bill: Yeah?

Man: Believe it or not, driver, I have right with me now five worms which have been sleeping for forty years.

Bill: Maybe they're dead.

Man: Don't be ridiculous. I've established they dropped off to sleep nearly a half-century ago.

Bill: When will they wake up?

Man: Don't know. Please hurry. I don't want them waking up in this cab.

Bill: What kind of worms is they?

Man: They're members of the nematodes group, constitute a new species, tylenchus polyhypnus.

Bill: Yeah. Here's your place. (Man throws dollar at Bill, runs off. Bill drives back to his corner stand. Louie saunters over.)

Bill: Had some awful gabbers, Louie. A dizzy dame shooting off poetry at me, and a nutty face-lifter saying my face ain't human, finely a dope with sleeping worms. Maybe I'm about due for the worms myself.

Louie: All of us is, Bill, sooner or later.

Bill: (looking into mirror): Tell me frank, Louie. Is my face human or ain't it?

Louie: You got a human face, Bill, a real human face.

Bill: Thanks, Louie. Anyway nobody ain't going to put tucks and ruffles on it.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

ART FOR USE has become something of a slogan among two very different groups of artists. Both Catholics and Marxists, among artists, agree on the point that *art for art's sake*, or objective estheticism, is a pernicious and destructive doctrine. Instead they visualize a condition wherein art will again be an instrument of religious and/or social service. The Catholic group, naturally, associates these two fields, while, as may be expected, the Marxist type substitutes for religion the Marxist dogmas and a Soviet orientation.

What results as a varying basis for action in the last group is that curious anomaly called Sovietism. It is something of a current disease and it may be interesting to attempt a diagnosis to understand its source. Artists, are essentially *believing persons*. An artist without faith is inconceivable, even though it may be no more than faith in his personal inspiration. Cynical opportunism destroys him. For the same reason, commercialism is equally destructive; unfortunately he must function in a society with commercial standards.

The enigma he faces, therefore, is that with which we, as Catholics, are familiar, whether practitioners of the arts or not. The appeal of the *idea* of Marxism can be understood because it is expected to supplant commercialism or capitalism, to cure the evils that limit the artist's functioning as an artist.

It has the further appeal of being revolutionary, and all vital art is essentially revolutionary. That there is a constructive type of revolution needs little emphasizing, for Catholicism is revolutionary in this last sense. Perhaps *re-creative* comes closer to describing this energizing factor. It is epitomized in the phrase which speaks of dying so that one may live. Truth is a constant; expression, which is the artist's province, takes on new or re-creative forms. Lacking a center, such as truth furnishes, the artist is somewhat like an empty house, in which the current fallacious, synthetic ideas find immediate lodgment.

While it is only a single circumstance, an occurrence familiar to me is fairly typical of the artist's too-ready acceptance of the Soviet illusion. A painter of my acquaintance, and of definite artistic distinction, professed himself a Communist. Shortly after this conversation, a number of books and pamphlets on the subject appeared in his studio. He then remarked that "being a Communist, I thought I had better know something about it."

Out of the Marxist idea of production for use has issued the complementing idea of an art for use. When it comes to applying this last idea, however, the American artist is definitely at a loss. His training has not fitted him to apply it, and he hovers around the edge of the idea and discusses or professes it. Application is a more difficult matter for him, because he would then need to emerge from his bohemian environment and accept the status of a workman. The crafts would take precedence, and art be made to serve them. The artist's predominantly academic training, destructive as that is, as well as the exigencies of a commercialized society, prevent anything more than a doctrinaire, self-conscious proletarianism, and its expression in somewhat chaotic art forms.

This condition, negative as it is, has a healthy contrast in a movement that is spreading among Catholic artists. There we find a more thoroughgoing and consistent application of the idea. Eric Gill put it into practice in England, while here in America there is a strong tendency in this valid direction in the work of Father Catiche and of Ada Bethune, and many others similarly actuated. In such efforts lies the hope that art will return to its normal place in society.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

BACKDROP FOR FEDERAL AID

EDITOR: I have just been reading an analysis of the "Educational Finance Act of 1946"—the Hill-Thomas-Taft Federal aid bill. The general purpose of the bill is "to equalize educational opportunity," by subsidizing out of Federal funds those States which spend less than \$40 a pupil.

If you will look at statistics on State incomes, you will see where the funds will come from and where they will go. The States with the large per-capita income, as well as the large total incomes, are the States in the industrial area north of St. Louis—New York, Delaware, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio. These are also the States with a very large percentage of our total Catholic population. The only other notable Catholic concentrations are in the States of Louisiana and New Mexico.

If you study the last ten States on the list of per-capita incomes by States—Virginia, New Mexico, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, Arkansas, South Carolina, Mississippi—it will be evident where the money is to go, and that New Mexico, with its very small population, is the only one with any substantial percentage of Catholics. The main effect of this will be to impose upon Catholics of the Northeast the support of a third school system. Catholics are already supporting in their own States a set of schools they cannot use; they are supporting their own diocesan system as well as Catholic institutions of higher learning. Now they are called upon to support the school systems of an undetermined number of States which are probably unable to give adequate support to their own school systems.

The remedy for this, it seems to me, is not to deprive the South of greater educational opportunity. It is to give the Catholics who will have to contribute heavily to schools in the South a fair share for their own school system.

St. Louis, Missouri.

READER

ROLLING ALONG IN FRANCE

EDITOR: A young French Benedictine priest, who teaches in a monastery school at La Pierre-qui-Vire, Yonne, France, had some trouble keeping his boys in peace during their leisure hours. So he induced them to start a model railway.

As no steel was available during war and occupation years, they built nearly everything of wood—the railroad track of 300 yards, switches, signals and stations. They constructed cars and engines from scraps of iron. Every pupil was assigned to real duty as engineer, dispatcher, etc. They issued real tickets, ran on real schedules.

The experiment came to the attention of the general manager of the state-owned French railways, who came to the monastery to admire his miniature competitors. And Father Léon Harmel, who started the company, wrote a book, *Mon Réseau* (published by Editions de l'Olivier, 11 avenue Schneider, Clamart, Seine, France), to tell its story. The book is illustrated with photographs; many plans drawn to scale show how to build double tracks, roundhouses, switches, etc.

Father Harmel would be grateful for some American spring-driven locomotives to increase his rolling stock. AMERICA, I am informed, will gladly collect these from benevolent contributors, who are respectfully reminded that the French track is Number O—1.26 inches wide.

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THE WORD

TO VISUALIZE THE SEA OF Galilee, in Christ's day, as an undistinguished lake bordered by a few disheveled encampments, some huddled huts and fishermen's hovels, is a serious mistake. It dims our picture of Christ, for it fails to place Him in the social context and intellectual climate in which He historically moved. That curved lakeshore, in His day, was, as Belloc says, "a pageant." Nine towns gleamed above the water: Capharnaum, for example, was a setting for "the great synagog with its Corinthian columns"; Bethsaida was bright with transplanted, engrafted Grecian beauty; Tiberias was "no mean city"; Tarichaeae was an export center famous throughout the Empire.

Here moved men of cosmopolitan accomplishment, polyglot merchants, masters of the law, Roman representatives. The crowd which, as the gospel for the fourth Sunday after Pentecost tells us, pressed Christ down to the lakeshore, included many sophisticates along with the farmers and fishermen.

From the gently bobbing pulpit of Simon's boat, Christ addressed the throng and, in the hush after His blazing words, He told the tanned fisherman to let down his nets. Simon protested that a night of toil had been fruitless, but he deferred to the Master and immediately his net was alive and threshing with a record catch. Profoundly humbled, Simon fell to his knees amid the heaving fish: "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." Looking down at him, Christ confirmed Simon's vocation as a fisher of men.

Simon Peter's record of competence in his chosen occupation is not very impressive. Twice at least, we are told, he caught nothing, and Our Lord miraculously filled his nets (Luke 5: 1-11 and John 21: 6-7). One gets the distinct impression that Peter was not the most capable of fishermen.

He would scarcely seem the ideal candidate, then, for leadership in a Church which was to embrace the world. Natural efficiency would expect Christ to choose His Vicar and His helpers from the wealthy, the well-known, the successful among the crowd lining the shore, men of substance, of reputation, whose personal prestige would itself be an impressive initial argument for the New Cause. But, as we too frequently forget, "all things are possible with God" (Matt. 19:26), and Simon Peter, the fisherman who seems not to have been a spectacular success even in that occupation, was to stand before the mighty, the learned and the rich as the first Pope. This weathered little bark of his was to sail on forever as a symbol of deathless perdurance, a sign of that reality which would survive all the storms which erase the works of men.

Peter, who knew little of Our Lord at the time of this miracle, gave Him a tremendous vote of confidence when, with arms weary from the barren night's work, he once again cast his nets. We should recall the incident when we too feel that further effort is hopeless. So often one hears people say: "I have tried everything, exhausted every possibility, the matter is insoluble." One feels like asking: "Have you tried Christ, eager to obey His suggestions; have you prayed, or thought of the inexhaustible possibility that is omnipotence?"

The prayer in the Mass for this Sunday is a petition which we should make earnestly; for it represents the solution not only for muddled individual souls but for the whole uneasy earth: "Grant, O Lord, we implore Thee, that the course of the world may be peaceably directed for us by thy Providence, and that thy Church may rejoice in quiet devotion." The Lord Who filled the empty nets of Peter can as well fill the empty hearts of men.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

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